

WEEKLY

OCTOBER 4, 1954

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



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Is this the 100,000-mile truck tire?

MERRILL Truck Lines operates 61 tractors and trailers out of Fort Worth, Tex. Their units travel over 3 million miles a year. Driver A. D. Miller (above) inspects the tires on one of these trucks—B. F. Goodrich Traction Express tires that have rolled 130,795 miles and have never been off the wheels!

Similar reports come from one fleet operator after another. Many say, "This is the 100,000-mile tire we've been

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The All-Nylon Traction Express more than repays its slight extra cost with bonus miles of service (nylon construction at lower prices). See your B. F. Goodrich retailer. The address is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. Or write The B. F. Goodrich Co., Tire and Equipment Div., Akron 18, Ohio.

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"92,000 MILES on original Traction Express tread to date, compared to 40,000 miles average from other tires," says Thomas Tate, Truck Manager, Clearfield Cheese Co., Clearfield, Pennsylvania.



110,000 MILES—then Traction Express tires were recapped and are still going strong," says O. E. Helling, General Manager, Hicks Oil Co., Pipestone, Minn. Tire dispels heat easily, defies skidding.





JIMMY JEMAL

JIMMY JEMAL'S

HOTBOX

The Question: Ford Frick, Commissioner of Baseball, says that television is killing the minor baseball leagues. Is it?



HOWARD L. GREEN
FORT WORTH, TEXAS
PRESIDENT, BIG STATE
BASEBALL LEAGUE

"TV is only one of many factors damaging baseball in the hinterlands. Today's players lack the 'old college try.' Baseball leaders lack courage. The Commissioner and top executives permit a few wealthy owners to lead them or push them around. We need Ty Cobb's spirit and the courage of a K. M. Landis."

The Answers:



JOHN L. HIGGINS
FORT WORTH, TEXAS
PRESIDENT
TEXAS LEAGUE

"I think that 'crippling' is a more appropriate word. Certainly this 20th century crip-ple is wreaking havoc with us. The minors are comparable to a stabbed man, bleeding profusely, but not going to die. The transfusion that will save us is Little League Baseball, now rejuvenating local interest."

With us. The minors are comparable to a stabbed man, bleeding profusely, but not going to die. The transfusion that will save us is Little League Baseball, now rejuvenating local interest."



HAL TOTTON
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
PRESIDENT
THREE I LEAGUE

"Yes. It's already killed off some excellent cities. TV will doom the minors completely if it creates baseball networks and diverts interest from home teams. Solution? Limit promotions to home territory. Recreate local loyalties. Otherwise armchair fans will watch 'E' baseball from major league parks."

baseball networks and diverts interest from home teams. Solution? Limit promotions to home territory. Recreate local loyalties. Otherwise armchair fans will watch 'E' baseball from major league parks."



DALE MILLER
SEBRING, FLA.
PRESIDENT, FLORIDA
INTERNAT'L LEAGUE

"Certainly. I'm president of one of the 'victim leagues.' Radio and television broadcasting of major league games into our territory was the 'cancer' that killed the Florida International League. Complete out-bid of the minors below class 'A' by the majors is their only hope of survival."

games into our territory was the 'cancer' that killed the Florida International League. Complete out-bid of the minors below class 'A' by the majors is their only hope of survival."



SEN. E. C. JOHNSON
DENVER, COLO.
PRESIDENT
WESTERN LEAGUE

"Ford Frick is dead right. Almost half the minors have given up the ghost. The rest are hanging on the ropes. When we are all dead and gone, the major leagues will be operating their clubs with class 'C' ballplayers. There is only one remedy 'Stop doing it.' This is a plain case of murder."

When we are all dead and gone, the major leagues will be operating their clubs with class 'C' ballplayers. There is only one remedy 'Stop doing it.' This is a plain case of murder."



F. J. SHEEHY
MONTREAL, CANADA
PRESIDENT
INTERNAT'L LEAGUE

"Every minor club owner and a majority of big league owners agree. It's impossible to compete with major league broadcasts into minor league territory. We had to pull out of Jersey City and Newark for that reason. If each major club limited TV to its local station, minor league attendance would benefit."

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ROBERT B. ABEL
TACOMA, WASH.
PRESIDENT, WESTERN
INTERNAT'L LEAGUE

"TV hurts, but it's not the main cause of our ills. We could combat television, radio and other forms of competition if we could get the players. We can't. That's why we're being driven to the wall. The best solution is to limit the number of players a major or minor league team can control."

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FRANK L. SUMMERS
STAUNTON, VA.
PRESIDENT
PIEDMONT LEAGUE

"TV is certainly hurting the minors. But it's here to stay. We'll have to learn how to live with it. Radio people went into the television business. Railroads bought into bus lines. Major leagues should allot a portion of the TV profits to the minors, to keep alive the hand that feeds them."



T. H. RICHARDSON
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
PRESIDENT
EASTERN LEAGUE

"Yes. Take Hartford, Conn. as an example. The city abandoned baseball in 1933 after drawing only 36,281 fans in 1932, due to TV saturation of major league games. The only solution is for the major leagues to underwrite the losses of the minors with a portion of their TV millions."



GLENN E. (TED) MANN
DURHAM, N.C.
PRESIDENT
CAROLINA LEAGUE

"Yes. TV is like the telephone, the automobile, the airplane, the radio. All have changed our way of life. The only solution is for the TV people to clear channels for certain programs via the telephone company at a price. The money should be divided equitably between all parties concerned."



"Oh, for goodness sake! Are you going to watch him run the whole 90 yards?"

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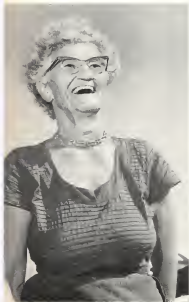
Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines



MILDRED MILLER, Milwaukee grade-school secretary, took up the ancient art of crossbow shooting only last year. Today she is national women's champion. A former state and national titleholder with the longbow, Mildred has already set crossbow score records at 50 yards (188 out of a possible 270) and 60 yards (162 out of 370), and shot a bolt 347 yards—more than two city blocks—in the 35-pound bow class for still another women's mark.



DAMON MILLER, club official with the Pacific Coast League's San Francisco Seals for 20 years, formed a corporation to buy the baseball team last winter when it appeared that the shaky franchise might fold, leaving the city without a ball team. Under his leadership, the Seals were revamped, climbed up to the first division this year, drew 75% bigger crowds to lead the league in attendance and worked themselves out of the red.



MARION LADEWIG, 39, is the world's best woman bowler. This year she came out national champion and Woman Bowler of the Year for the fifth time. The Grand Rapids, Mich. brunette has won every major title, has a 288-high single, a 735-high series, a 10-year league average of 197.



JOHNNY RACKIN, 10, of North Hollywood, Calif., swam in competition for the first time this year. In 30 races, he had 13 firsts, 13 seconds, four thirds, including three national records for his age group. A freestyle and backstroke specialist, he is pointing for the 1968 Olympics.

MRS. ZADDIE BUNKER, 67-year-old great-grandmother from Palm Springs, Calif., decided four years ago that she needed a hobby "to prevent mildew from setting in." Over the protests of her family, she took up flying and got her license two years ago. Zaddie has 251 hours of solo time, estimates she has flown 25,400 miles, including a transcontinental solo vacation flight earlier this year.

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

RIGHT now baseball is winding up another season in that blend of blazing glory and slanting grandstand shadows which is the World Series. Two weeks ago, "Soundtrack" carried an account of Europe's fledgling version of the Series, the first tournament of the European Baseball Federation in Antwerp, sent by our roving continental baseball correspondent, James T. Farrell. He reported, you may recall, that the four games netted 70 errors and 55 hits. I was interested to read the other day that in seven games in the 1885 championship Series the Chicago White Stockings and the St. Louis Browns put together 102 errors against 96 hits. The Europeans may take heart in the fact that they seem to be starting off in a classic pattern.

Despite our coming in approximately half-way through the baseball season, SI has already uncovered for you a batrack full of baseball—from 71-year-old Pittsburgh sandlotter John Mellvaine to 11-year-old East Lynn Little Leaguer Mike Hegan, from the happy knothole world of bubble gum cards to the all-business front office of George Weiss; from how it feels to bat against Robin Roberts to scientific proof that "you can't keep your eye on the ball."

But the matter at hand is, of course, the World Series. Last week "Preview" lined up the Cleveland Indians and the New York Giants, complete with detailed scouting reports which are guaranteed to give an unfair advantage to all grandstand managers who use them. Lopez will call the signals on Mays and Durocher on Avila on the basis of similar reports. Thus



armed, no reader of SI need hesitate to take charge of any game, whether in front of his television set or, if he's lucky enough, right on the scene. And with the advantage, not given to managers, of the second guess.

We hope we have added something to the big Series for you. In any case, our interest in baseball will not end with the Series. Don't forget the Hot Stove League—the player drafts, the trades, the pitch he should have made and the time he didn't slide. For baseball is really never over, even when the last man is out. Our editors will be bringing it to you regularly through the off-season, with every intention of getting you down to playing weight in time for spring training.

Harry Phillips



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BATBOY FOR THE INDIANS

Young Harold Klug winds up two years of racking hats with baseball's biggest thrill—working the Series

CLEVELAND

JUDGING matters purely on the basis of precedence, you might easily have bet last April that the batboy least likely to get into the current World Series on the American League side would have been the one racking them up for the Cleveland Indians. Only twice before in the last 50 years has Cleveland clinched the flag, and the odds percentages would have told you that only the late St. Louis Browns could give their boy a worse chance. Nonetheless, Harold Klug from Cleveland Heights managed to make a monkey out of the statistics—with a few assists, of course, from some people named Lemon, Wynn, Garcia, Avila, Doby and Al Rosen.

Harold didn't get his batboy job through pull, the way most do in the major leagues. In Cleveland you have to earn it the hard way and you've got just a two-year career: one as batboy for the visiting team, a second as batboy for those used-to-be second-place Indians. The big job is put up for grabs by Gordon Cobbledick, sports editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Any boy within a bus fare of Cleveland, who wants to latch onto it, writes a letter to the paper around the middle of March telling why he'd like to be batboy. Judges pick 10 of them that sound interesting, and last year Harold's letter was one of the 10 chosen. Along with nine other interesting-letter writers, he was brought into the Wigwam, an eating place for the sports-writers and club officials at Municipal Stadium. There, Hank Greenberg, the general manager of the club, and George Medinger, a VP, interviewed all of them. Harold came out on top and as a net result got not only the job but \$1,000 for a start on a college education (he's got Cornell and engineering in mind) as well as a terrific spring outfit from a Cleveland haberdashery.

A TOUGH JOB

About this final decision, Hank Greenberg says: "It's the toughest job I have to do all spring—to tell one boy he's won and see nine others take it on the chin."



BATBOY HAROLD KLUG

That first year, when Harold was visiting batboy, he got nervous before big crowds. He still got nervous on opening day at Municipal Stadium, April 15, 1954, when he'd taken over as head man. "But that nervous business all died out this year," Harold claims. "By the time we hit that really big game, the double-header with the Yanks on Sept. 12, where we had more than 85,000 fans, I wasn't a bit nervous. This World Series won't bother me any."

Among the Indian champions, Harold's prime favorite is somebody you'd never guess: none other than that presumably worn-out utility veteran who's been around both big leagues practically forever—Hank Majeski.

"Hank's so friendly with everybody," Harold says. "He helps all the players, with tips, when they're in a slump. And he's helped me plenty, even though I'm not good enough to get into any slumps yet."

Harold has managed to pick up firsthand information on catching from Jim Hegan, who showed him a lot about blocking the runner off the plate and pegging to second in a hurry. Bobby Avila gave him pointers on infielding and Ray Narleski told him a lot about pitching, especially the curve ball and the slider—two pitches with which Narleski is not totally unfamiliar.

Harold, not unlike many another young sandlotter since Mickey Mantle blossomed on the big league scene, also had ideas about making himself a switch hitter. But Dave Philley, the Indian outfielder transplanted from Philadelphia this year—and who is a working switcher himself—told him to forget it. "It's too hard to do," Philley said, "unless you start real young. Younger than you are, Harold."

ONE OF THE BIGGEST

Harold is 16, since July. He was only 14 when he got the visiting job in April of '53. He was then classed as one of the biggest batboys Cleveland ever came up with: five feet nine inches and 154 pounds. (He'd already won a letter as an end on the Kirk Junior High team outside of Cleveland.) He goes into this World Series at 175 pounds on a six-foot-even frame, and quite a lot of it pure muscle.

Leaving his favorite team out of the picture for the moment, the hitter he most likes to see in action is—who else? —Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox. During practice, when the Sox were in town, Harold crouched by the Indians' dugout and watched the great man from Back Bay way take his cuts. "He's got a rhythm you can't really describe," Harold says. "What a hitter."

Like every member of the Indians, Harold could find no substitute for the fierce and magnificent pleasure of beating the Yankees in a game, any game at all. "We like to beat everybody in the league, sure," Harold admits. "But boy! How it feels to beat those Yanks—you just feel good all over."

However, no matter how the Indians make out with the Giants in what is undeniably called the "autumnal classic," Harold has managed to achieve a job that only two other guys in history have achieved: a Cleveland batboy, working in a World Series. The name "Klug," in German, means "smart." That might have something to do with it. But also, let's not forget the Messrs. Lemon, Avila, Wynn, Rosen, Doby—and how about that Lopez?

—DUANE DECKER



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and
coffee
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Results of the 1000 simulations are shown in Table 1. The first column shows the number of simulations in which the proposed test was rejected. The second column shows the power of the proposed test. The third column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is true. The fourth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is false. The fifth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is true and the alternative hypothesis is false. The sixth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is false and the alternative hypothesis is true. The seventh column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is true and the alternative hypothesis is false and the sample size is 100. The eighth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is false and the alternative hypothesis is true and the sample size is 100. The ninth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is true and the alternative hypothesis is false and the sample size is 200. The tenth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is false and the alternative hypothesis is true and the sample size is 200. The eleventh column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is true and the alternative hypothesis is false and the sample size is 500. The twelfth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is false and the alternative hypothesis is true and the sample size is 500. The thirteenth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is true and the alternative hypothesis is false and the sample size is 1000. The fourteenth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is false and the alternative hypothesis is true and the sample size is 1000. The fifteenth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is true and the alternative hypothesis is false and the sample size is 2000. The sixteenth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is false and the alternative hypothesis is true and the sample size is 2000. The seventeenth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is true and the alternative hypothesis is false and the sample size is 5000. The eighteenth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is false and the alternative hypothesis is true and the sample size is 5000. The nineteenth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is true and the alternative hypothesis is false and the sample size is 10000. The twentieth column shows the power of the proposed test when the null hypothesis is false and the alternative hypothesis is true and the sample size is 10000.

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Small, round, brownish, somewhat flattened, but a bit of a pointed light-colored shagreened plant bud. Young is like a ball and will make perfect circular cross. When handled in the bud, the leaves are pointed like a very thin cup at the top. Highly polished, smooth, oval ball. Like a ball very fine cubes. Rich, warm, and a little complex, a little sweet.

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EQUIPPED WITH OUTSIZE CANE POLE AND CREEL, HEMINGWAY FISHED HORTON'S CREEK IN MICHIGAN AT THE AGE OF SEVEN



WITH CATCH AT SUN VALLEY IN 1939

SPORTSMAN

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

The "Lost Generation" novelist has been a lifelong outdoorsman

AT THREE, Ernest Miller Hemingway got his first fishing rod, at 10 his first gun. In his 56 years, the novelist has fished from the brooks of Michigan to the mountain torrents of Spain, shot game birds in Idaho and lions in Africa. Nowadays, Hemingway writes, fishes and hunts at his Cuba farm, 10 miles from Havana. His feeling for sport is reflected in all his works, from the drama of the bull ring in *Death in the Afternoon* (1932) to his compassionate fishing tale, *The Old Man and the Sea*, which won a Pulitzer Prize last year.



MEDIOCRE BOXER in his youth as spurring partner for itinerant fighters, Hemingway bares chestful of hair. Critic Max Eastman once charged was false.



A CRACK SHOT, Hemingway usually bares his limit. The novelist once faced a charging rhino on safari in Africa, killed it at point-blank range.



SHORT AT SUNRISE warns author, a two-fisted drinker, during morning hunt. Hemingway does his hunting and fishing early, claims thin eyelids keep him from sleeping late.



AT PAMPLONA FESTIVAL in Spain, Hemingway chats with matador. Bullfights hold a fascination for him. Once he even entered the ring to fight a bull (cynics charge it was a cow), wound up with several broken ribs for his efforts.



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COVER: A pretty "cowgirl" in Estes Park

Photograph by CARL IWASAKI

When she's not doing commercials before a television camera, Joyce Sellers of Colorado Springs can usually be found on a Rocky Mountain riding trail. And when she rides, she wears a favorite Western get-up: high-pocketed pants and an embroidered shirt (see pp. 68-70).

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

ALL ABOUT THE WORLD SERIES

The heroes, the goats, the critical plays, the moments of agony and ecstasy, brought to you by an SI team of writers and photographers

**PLUS: HICKMAN ON EASTERN FOOTBALL
AND A NEW COLUMN BY BILL MAULDIN**

LIGHT ON PRO FOOTBALL

A warning from Cleveland's OTTO GRAHAM: photographs IN COLOR by MARK KAUFMAN

FOXHOUNDS ON TRIAL

In the cool Missouri dunes the dogs prove their mettle. Photographs by HY PERKIN

OWLS! AWAKE AND SING!

A lyrical description by MARTIN KANK of the music men march, pass and kirk by



One of the big turns of fate of 1954—Bobby Thomson, slugging outfielder of the Milwaukee Braves, lies in the dust of

a Florida training-camp field with a broken right ankle. The accident may well have cost Milwaukee the pennant.

BASEBALL 1954

For the fans it was a season of vivid moments—while the impersonal scorebooks wrote a story of their own

by ROGER KAHN

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair . . .

NO ONE ever accused Charley Dickens of being a baseball writer but, give or take a few Victorian adjectives, Old Chuck might almost have been telling *A Tale of Two Boroughs* last week.

In darkest Brooklyn the New York Giants sent Sal Maglie, the blue-jowled right-hander, against the Dodgers. The Giants needed one game to win the National League pennant. Maglie, aging, back sore but courageous, had been winning needed games all season. This time he started slowly, walked two in the first inning. Then he threw a double-play ball to Duke Snider. Then he never gave the Dodgers another chance.

At Ebbets Field the fans of Brooklyn hooted Maglie. Sal had heard—and ignored—their hoots before. Between innings Maglie rushed to the Giant clubhouse so that a trainer could knead the twisted muscles in his back. On the field he relentlessly bent his curve ball past Dodger bats.

In the ninth inning Maglie snapped one final curve and Roy Campanella drove it slowly to the mound. Maglie eluded the ball, ran toward first base and tossed to Whitey Lockman. Lights went out all over Brooklyn. Manhattan, from Toots Shor's bar to Tallulah Bankhead's dressing room, rejoiced.

Lockman, ball in glove, jumped at Maglie and landed halfway up the tired pitcher's frame. It was a scene that will be remembered when baseball fans turn back their albums to the season of 1954.

In Milwaukee another picture will haunt memories: the brilliant Bobby Thomson stretched out in the sand of a training camp infield at St. Petersburg, Fla. (opposite page). Back there in

March even the most sanguine of Milwaukee rooters suspected that their pennant chances lay with Thomson in the dust at second base. The Braves, without the slugging outfielder until August, finished third.

There were other scenes that will be remembered and embroidered during the chilly winter months by baseball fans who live to relive baseball. Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox broke a collarbone on his first spring training day and did not return until May. With a metal pin holding the broken bones together, Williams played both games of a double-header in Detroit and lashed eight hits, including two home runs, in nine turns at bat.

"It hurt like hell," Williams said. "When they take that pin out," said the Yankees' Casey Stengel, "I want it. Wanna stick it into a couple my guys."

HIGH ABOVE BIG KLU

On a May afternoon in St. Louis the Cardinals' Stan Musial, uncoviling from his frightening crouch, pounded five home runs during a double-header with the Giants. On a September day in Brooklyn, Ted Kluszewski, his shirt-sleeves cut off at the shoulders and his biceps casting a shadow over the mound, hit just one. It was his 49th of the season.

High in the stands when the Reds' Kluszewski homered, when Maglie pitched, sat an official scorer. Nobody took his picture or marveled at whatever biceps he had. No one fought to shake his hand or to get his autograph. As usual over the scheduled 1,232 games of the 1954 season, the scorer just sat and kept score. But at the end of the season last Sunday the scorer's books told stories, too.

After 11 years, after 12 years, after 13 years, the figures said, three of the biggest stars in baseball had grown dim. With Yankee Shortstop Phil Rizzuto, 36, it was a case of slower reflexes, a higher



THE UNVANQUISHED: CASEY STENGEL

WAIT TILL NEXT
YEAR DEPT.

IN NEW YORK, Casey Stengel signed a new Yankee contract. "I told them they ought to fire me if I didn't win," Casey said, "and I didn't and they shoulda but they didn't. Now I got to find a way to catch the Indians."

IN WASHINGTON, the Senators said Bucky Harris had "resigned." Harris, bitter, said "It's cheaper to fire the manager than to buy good players." Cheaper or no, the Senators looked to next year with Charley Dressen, once Harris' assistant (see Red Smith, p. 64).

IN ST. LOUIS, Eddie Stanky was retained as manager of the disappointing (sixth-place) Cardinals. Owner Gusie Busch explained, "I believe in giving a man a hell of a chance."

IN PITTSBURGH, Branch Rickey looked past the Pirates' last-place finish, predicted a pennant one of these years. Then he added, sadly, "But I don't think I'll be alive to see it."

IN BROOKLYN, two days after the Giants crushed the Dodgers to clinch the pennant, Rookie Karl Spooner brought life back to moribund Brooklyn by stopping the Giants cold, 3-0, and striking out 15. Four days later he fanned 12 Pirates, shut them out too. This gaudy debut roused the Dodgers, revived the classic Flatbush watchword: "Wait till next year!"



THE CONQUERING HERO: KARL SPOONER

are on his throw to first base and finally, near the end of the season, eyeglasses. Rizzuto's batting average sagged to .194, lowest of any major league regular.

With Preacher Roe, 36, the Dodgers' best left-handed pitcher, it was a curve ball breaking less sharply, a slider forgetting to slide. Three years ago Roe won 22, lost three. In 1952 he won 11, lost two. Last year he won 11, lost three. In 1954, the scorebook reported impersonally, Preacher Roe won three, lost four.

The scorebook told more subtly of Allie Reynolds, 36-year-old Yankee right-hander. Reynolds' back gave out but the records showed that he still won 11 and lost four for the year. The records showed, too, that Reynolds, once a man annoyed because he could not pitch every day, won only three games after July.

Some of the figures in the scorebook will help when it comes time to pick baseball's Most Valuable Players. They showed that Willie Mays had won the National League batting championship in his first full season with a mark of .345. They showed that Mays was third in runs scored with 119, first in triples with 13, second in total bases with 377 and first in slugging percentage with .467.

They revealed that Kluszewski's 49 home runs made him the first Cincinnati player to lead the majors in runs since a worthy named Fred Odwell hit nine in 1905. And they showed that Kluszewski's 49 were only three homers less than the entire roster of Baltimore Orioles hit all year.

The Dodgers' Duke Snider fulfilled his long-predicted promise by hitting .341 with 40 home runs. Stan Musial continued to surpass reasonable promise by batting .330, fourth best in the league. In his 12 full seasons, Musial has always been among his league's six top hitters, with six firsts, two seconds, two thirds, a fourth and a sixth in 1947 when he was suffering from chronic appendicitis.

LAST ON MERIT

The pitching statistics showed that Bob Lemon had won 23 games for Cleveland, beating Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit and Washington a total of 18 times. Lemon matched teammate Early Wynn with 23 victories, matched Washington's Bob Porterfield with 21 complete games. Both figures were league highs.

The scorebooks showed that Bobby Avila, the Indians' second baseman, had been the most significantly im-

proved hitter. His .341—a big bump for a man who had never done better than .305—had won him the batting championship. The books also showed that Cleveland's Larry Doby had hit 32 homers to win the title in his league.

Recorded figures will help to decide the Rookies-of-the-Year. The Yankees' Boh Grim was the first 20-game-winning freshman since 1948. The Indians' Don Mossi had an earned run average of 1.94, or only slightly more incredible than his teammate Ray Narleski's 2.22. The Cardinals' Wally Moon hit .304, stole 18 bases. The Cardinals' Joe Frazier collected 20 pinch hits.

Usually, team averages were a fair reflection. The Indians set an American League record with 111 victories and their pitching staff compiled an earned-run average of 2.79, best since that record began in 1930.

The Yankees set a league record for victories by a second-place team: 103, and led in batting and runs scored.

The Baltimore Orioles scored fewer runs, hit fewer home runs than any team in the majors. The Baltimore Orioles finished seventh only because...

The Philadelphia Athletics, with the lowest team batting average in the major leagues—.235—were worse.

The Giants, first National League

THE MOST VALUABLE MEN IN BASEBALL

NATIONAL LEAGUE

MAYS, Giants
MUELLER, Giants
SNIDER, Dodgers
MUSIAL, Cardinals
KLUSZEWSKI, Reds

THE BATTING LEADERS

AB	R	Pct.
565	195	.345
619	212	.342
584	199	.341
591	195	.330
573	187	.326

AMERICAN LEAGUE

AVILA, Indians
MINOSO, White Sox
FOX, White Sox
MORIN, Yankees
BERRA, Yankees

AB	R	Pct.
555	189	.341
568	182	.320
631	201	.319
426	136	.319
584	179	.307

THE HOME RUN LEADERS

HR	AB	per 100
49	12	
42	14	
41	14	
41	13	
40	15	
40	12	
36	10	

DOBY, Indians
WILLIAMS, Red Sox
MANTLE, Yankees
JENNER, Red Sox
ROSEN, Indians
SEEVERS, Senators
(BASE RUTH, 1927)

HR	AB	per 100
32	18	
29	13	
27	20	
25	23	
24	19	
24	21	
60	9	

THE WINNING PITCHERS

IP	ERA	W-L
337	2.91	23-15
258	2.30	21-7
283	3.15	21-12
260	3.69	18-10
260	4.15	18-15

LEMON, Indians
WYNN, Indians
GRIM, Yankees
GARCIA, Indians
TRUCKS, White Sox

IP	ERA	W-L
258	2.72	23-7
271	2.72	23-11
199	3.26	20-6
257	2.66	19-8
265	2.78	19-12



WILLIE MAYS



TED KLUSZEWSKI



ROBIN ROBERTS



BOBBY AVILA



LARRY DOBY



BOB LEMON



ROOKIE Wally Moon of Cardinals hit .304 for season.



ROOKIE Bob Grim, Yankee pitcher, was 20-game winner.



ROOKIE Don Mossi of Indians had 1.94 earned run average.



ROOKIE Ray Narveski, another Indian, posted 2.22.

team to jump from the second division to the pennant since the 1934 Cardinals, were baseball's finest opportunists. The scorebooks showed that the Giants pinch-hit 10 homers, three more than any other team in history.

The Pittsburgh Pirates, by way of confirming General Manager Branch Rickey's statement that the team was last on merit, finished last in the National League in batting, pitching, fielding, homers, runs, and, for good measure, stolen bases.

A NONSTATISTICAL PHENOMENON

Much of the space in the scorebooks was oddity material.

Murry Dickson won a great deal of sympathy in 1952 when he lost 21 games with the last-place Pirates. Dickson was traded last winter to the vastly superior Philadelphia Phils. This year with the vastly superior Phils Dickson lost 20.

Mike Garcia, one of Cleveland's best pitchers, uses a fast ball as his best pitch. Most home runs are hit off fast balls but Garcia, in 287 innings, allowed just six home runs.

Robin Roberts, possessor of one of the best fast balls in the game, led the National League with 23 victories. But Roberts also led in home-run balls. He threw 36.

Bill Bruton stole 34 bases for the Milwaukee Braves. As a team, the champion Giants stole 29, the champion Indians 30.

Milwaukee's fans, who give their players everything from Cadillacs to sausages, supposedly give the Braves strength through ardent home town cheering. The scorer, smiling pleasantly, noted that Milwaukee won 43 games at home, but won 46 away from home.

None of these statistics in the scorebooks altered the two big ones—the Giants and Indians won pennants. No statistic was much help in remembering Sal Maglie pitching with a twisted back or Ted Williams slugging with a pin in his shoulder. Nor, for that mat-

ter, could any statistic explain the phenomenon of Willie Howard Mays Jr.

No scorer's book could contain Willie Mays. He jumped at you, larger than life on the field, the way he did one brisk September night when Willie's Giants were still struggling for the pennant.

Robin Roberts was to pitch against the Giants and in September races the sight of Roberts heightens the tenseness and the weariness of ball players.

While other Giants sat stiffly on the bench and waited for the game to start, tense, weary Willie Mays propped an empty ice bucket on a bat rack, took his glove from his pocket and began a makeshift game. Willie tossed his glove at the bucket and someone else tossed it back. Mays laughed when the glove went into the bucket and glowered when it missed.

Like the scorers' books, Mays was telling a story. "Baseball," Willie Mays was saying in the tension of September 1954, "is fun."

FINAL STANDINGS AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Cleveland	New York	Chicago	Detroit	Boston	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Washington	Los Angeles	St. Louis	San Francisco	Percentage	Games Behind
Cleveland	(1)	11	20	14	18	19	18	11	43	721			
New York	11	(1)	18	13	16	13	17	18	100	51	669	8	
Chicago	20	7	(1)	17	12	15	15	17	84	89	370	17	
Detroit	14	18	13	(1)	14	12	11	15	69	55	448	43	
Boston	18	19	15	15	(1)	14	13	68	86	442	43		
Philadelphia	19	18	15	11	14	(1)	12	66	86	428	43		
Pittsburgh	18	17	15	15	13	13	(1)	64	100	381	57		
Washington	11	10	17	15	15	12	11	(1)	54	100	381	57	
Los Angeles	43	51	84	69	86	86	86	86	(1)	100	321	80	
St. Louis	721	51	89	55	442	428	381	381	100	(1)	321	80	
San Francisco											(1)	321	80

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	New York	Brooklyn	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	St. Louis	Chicago	San Francisco	Los Angeles	San Diego	Percentage	Games Behind		
New York	(1)	13	12	16	43	42	18	14	81	55	330	9		
Brooklyn	13	(1)	16	14	15	15	82	82	587	5				
Philadelphia	12	16	(1)	12	12	14	14	88	69	518	8			
Pittsburgh	43	42	12	(1)	15	16	75	79	487	22				
Cincinnati	18	15	14	15	(1)	14	15	74	80	484	23			
St. Louis	42	10	14	12	14	(1)	81	72	82	483	25			
Chicago	7	82	14	75	80	81	(1)	74	80	418	33			
San Francisco	55	587	69	487	484	483	74	(1)	52	118	244	48		
Los Angeles									(1)	52	118	244	48	
San Diego										(1)	52	118	244	48



VETERAN Phil Rizzuto of the Yankees hit only .194 for year.



VETERAN Albie Reynolds of Yankees won only three after July.



VETERAN Preacher Roe of Dodgers won only 3, lost 4.

THE PROS SAY:

	Pee Wee Reese Dodgers	Birdie Tebbets Reds	Del Crandall Braves	Larry Goetz Umpire (NL)
When did you really think the Giants } were "in"?	The Giants were in after we lost those last two in Pittsburgh. Until then I thought we had a chance.	When they beat the Braves three straight in that last series in the Polo Grounds.	When they beat us three straight in New York.	Monday night, Sept. 20, the night they clinched it. Not before. Anything can happen in baseball.
What asset of the Giants } came as a surprise to you?	Antonelli. He came along so fast. I knew he was a good pitcher but not that good.	Sal Maglie	Their pinch-batters delivering in the late innings.	Mays and Antonelli. I knew they were both great young players but I didn't know they were that great.
What one thing would you blame the Dodgers' } or the Yankess' } failure?	Campanella getting hurt. That bothered us more than anything else.	Injuries	I couldn't answer that.	There were so many damn things—Roe, Campanella, Newcombe, Podres. But Campy was the main thing.
Which pitcher consistently had the most stuff in the clutch?	Maglie. He always had it when he had to have it.	Antonelli and Marv Grissom	Robin Roberts	I could name several. Haddix was very good. Antonelli. Maglie. He had great stuff in the pennant-clincher.
What batter would you least like to see coming to bat against your club?	Kluszcwski	Del Crandall of the Braves	Big Stan (Stan Musial)	This fellow Rhodes was very good. There was more than one: Kluszcwski, Musial, Mays, and that Dark.
What was the most important hit you saw this season?	Rhodes's single that won that night game in June in the 13th inning.	Temple's do-or-die single to tie up that replay game with Milwaukee on Sept. 24, even though we lost.	I can't think of any because we didn't win the pennant.	Rhodes's two hits in that June series when the Giants swept the Dodgers. His hits won two games.
Who was the best fielding infielder in your league this season?	Red Schoendienst	Roy McMillan of the Redlegs	Johnny Logan of the Braves	McMillan is pretty good, pretty good. Dark and Reese too. But Schoendienst—he's the game's best.
What team had the best defensive outfield as a unit?	The Dodgers and the Giants were about even.	Brooklyn	Irvin, Mays and Mueller of the Giants.	Any team with a Mays or Braton or Snider in center has a damn good outfield. They are the outfield.
What was the finest fielding play you saw all season?	Snider's catch in the 12th inning that saved a ball game for us in Philadelphia on May 31.	Bell's catch against the Cards with bases loaded, even though they ruled it no catch and we lost.	Bill Braton's over-the-shoulder catch of a line drive by Maglie in the Polo Grounds.	In Milwaukee, Repulski jumped up in the air, caught the ball, hit the fence, fell over it and held the ball.
Who seemed to you to be the most natural ballplayer?	I have to have two: Snider and Mays. They do everything right.	I can't pick one.	Everyone's a natural ballplayer or they wouldn't be playing.	With Mays is the most natural ballplayer I've seen come up in a long, long time.

Millions watched big-league baseball from the stands—millions more on the flickering screens of TV. It is a rare fan who does not have his own view, at season's end, of the key men and moments. Here, at the request of SI, some of baseball's wisest pros—three managers, one coach, four players and an umpire—give their memories and opinions. Compare them with your own.

Al Lopez Indians	George Myatt Senators	Ted Williams Red Sox	Harvey Kuenn Tigers	Casey Stengel Yankees	Your Answer
I began to feel pretty confident after that double-header with the Yanks.	That last Indian-Yankee series in New York when Wynn beat the Yankees with a three-bitter.	When they beat the Yankees twice in that double-header in Cleveland.	After we had played each team three times. The Indians seemed to have more confidence and spirit.	I never did. Well, after that double-header. We had no more games with them then.	
The relief pitching of Moon, Niekirk and Newhouse, and the fine play of Deane, Wertz and Smith.	The bench. Especially Majeski and Deane.	Relief pitchers and bench.	Their consistent hitting. Somebody always took up the slack.	Eight pitchers. They never had so many experienced and successful pitchers before.	
I don't feel the Yankees failed. It was just a matter of the Indians winning more games.	The platoon system.	You can't blame one thing. If I had to, I'd say their pitching got a little thin.	Pitching as much as anything else.	No one thing. We were all to blame. We lost because Cleveland played stronger ball.	
Bob Lemon	Lemon	I just don't know. It would be hard to pick one out.	Bob Lemon	For me, Grim. Against us, Nixon.	
Yogi Berra in Yankee Stadium	Wertz	Berra, against us.	Hank Bauer of the Yankees.	Doby. Doby and Avila. They were the most dangerous against us all year.	
I can't be sure, but Mitchell's homer when we clinched it in Detroit stands out.	I don't know.	I can't say.	I can't single one out.	Doby hit a homer off Sain in the 10th to beat us back in July. I remember that one.	
George Strickland	Carraquel of the White Sox.	Nellie Fox, against me.	George Strickland	No great infielders in the league this year. Carraquel was about the best.	
The Yankees and the Indians were about even.	The White Sox. The Yankees. If they didn't have the two-platoon system.	Yankees	Yankees	Cleveland and us. But Cleveland was always failing over fences, making catches against us.	
Doby's falling-over-the-fence catch of Umphlett's fly in Washington.	I swear I don't know.	Masada got to a ball the third baseman missed, didn't even look at first but got the ball there.	Doby's catch in Cleveland against us early in the season. He brought one back from over the fence.	I never saw a throw before like the one Al Smith made in July to catch Slaughter at the plate.	
Ted Williams	Mickey Vernon	Harvey Kuenn is as natural as anyone could be.	Larry Doby	Ted Williams is the best natural hitter, but Berra is the best all-around ballplayer.	

SPECTACLE



LITTLE BROWN JUG

A champion who was very nearly crippled a few days before the race takes charge of the Kentucky Derby of standardbred pacing—and prevents a filly from upsetting a nine-year-old tradition

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN



SOME 42,000 harness racing fans squeezed into stands, squatted on rooftops and hung over fences to see this sweeping phalanx of some of the nation's top pacers swinging around the Delaware, Ohio fairgrounds' half-mile track last week in pacing's highest race—the Little Brown Jug. Although few of the spectators got as good a view as Mark Kauffman's long-lensed camera caught here, they were loudly enthusiastic over each of the race's five heats.

Phantom Lady, who tied her own world mile record for fillies, won the first easily. A choice colt, Queen's Adios, won the third. And a proven champion named Adios

Harry, who had almost lamed himself when he kicked a foot through a stable partition nine days before, won both second and fourth heats.

Thus in the fifth heat, a pace-off between the three winners, there seemed some chance that a filly might win the Jug for the first time in its nine-year history. But when the final heat got underway, it was obvious that Phantom Lady was outclassed. Winner, by a handy margin, was Adios Harry (next page). As he picked up his \$26,345.84 winner's share, owner-trainer J. Howard Lyons, 66-year-old Harrington, Delaware farmer, cracked: "If my horse hadn't been lame he would have made it really tough."



Adios Harry, with his Canadian-born driver Morris McDonald still in the sulky, stands patiently in the winner's circle after his sweeping victory, bedecked in the garlands of flowers that came with his rich prize

SOUNDTRACK

AUTUMN MADNESS—TEXAS STYLE

DEMPSEY IN ARGENTINA

BANGKOK TURNS OUT FOR A FISTFIGHT

Decibels

THE afternoon-shadow-lengthening season finally got under way again in dead earnest all over the country; hundreds of big shadows, which had allowed themselves to get a bit frowny around the edges while lengthening, month after month, in stadiums populated solely by pigeons and ground-keepers, policed themselves up and slid down across their respective goal lines as nicely as hair oil on a barbershop floor. They caught all sorts of young men of distinction warring violently at football.

► Notre Dame's boy wonder, 26-year-old Coach Terence Patrick Brennan, began his career with grimly adult assurance; the Fighting Irish, led by Quarterback Ralph Guglielmi, got the Brennan regime off to a racing start by shutting out the tough University of Texas Longhorns, 21-0, while 57,594 cheered at South Bend (see pp. 58, 59). Other even more decisive thrashings were administered: Wisconsin beat Marquette 52-14; U.C.L.A. invaded the midwest and clobbered Kansas 32-7, and Duke beat the very scrappy out of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia's Franklin Field in a game which ended with the score 52-0.

► The surprise of the week was worked by the University of South Carolina Gamecocks—a team modestly characterized by its press agent as one involved in a period of growth and hope for the future. The Gamecocks, using two separate, distinct and equally ferocious backfields, upset Army 34-20 at West Point and seemed completely unastounded as they did so. Penn State bottled up Illinois' backfield flash, J. C. Caroline, and edged out the favored Illini, 14-12. Florida dumped Georgia Tech, 13-12. But the most genuinely amazing development prevented rather than instituted an upset; Texas Christian attempted a pass into the University of Oklahoma's end zone and was credited with a touchdown, but T.C.U. Captain Johnny Crouch honestly confessed that the ball had bounced before it was gathered in—thus, in the end, enabling Oklahoma to win, 21-16.

► On the eve of the World Series, the Cleveland Indians beat the Detroit Tigers, 11-1 and, in so doing, set an American League record of 111 victories in one season. The previous record: 110 games, set by the 1927 Yankees.

► Wes Santee, the verbose miler, wrote officials of New Orleans' Sugar Bowl

that he proposes to break John Landy's 3:58 world record there on the afternoon of Dec. 31, 1954.

Closed: gone to game

LA VEGA High School in Bellmead, Texas, just outside Waco, has a student body of 427 this year. Of this number, 29 students play team football, 30 play B team ball and 28 ninth-graders play junior high football. That gives La Vega 87 boys playing interscholastic football and in addition the school has a band of 87 let-us-say musicians (boys and girls) and a girls' pep squad of 80. Thus, more than half the students of La Vega High, 254 out of 427, are active in some aspect of football.

Enough of figures. This town is football happy. It is the football-happiest town in the football-happy state of Texas.

When La Vega students change classes they march to the rhythm of "beat 'em black and blue" rhymes. The Lions Club devotes most of its fall meetings to football talk. There is a Quarterbacks Club. There are a couple of old geezers who wait every day for Coach Paul Smith to come into the drugstore for his morning coffee and when he does they tell him how to run the team. Fifty or 60 cars line up for practice every afternoon. On Friday nights, which are game nights, the whole town closes down tight. Signs in store windows read: "Gone to game."

The football team is well fed, both at a special training table where roast beef and steaks are served on the afternoon before a game, and at Coach Smith's house. Early Saturday morning the players storm his home, eat his wife's cookies and cake, drink milk and play the previous night's game over again. If Coach Smith is still asleep when they arrive they tear him out of bed.

The student body hangs out at a soda-hamburger dispensary called



"The Pirates' Den" because the La Vega team's nickname is "The Pirates." The proprietor sets up free meals for every touchdown.

The school principal, Carroll Wood, is an old football coach. He is a big, florid man with a deep voice which he uses to see to it that between-class

periods are filled with football spirit. As the students are changing classes, Wood grabs a mike, and public address system speakers throughout the building sound his bellow: "Who we going to beat Friday?" The kids roar back the name of the next victim and march into class chanting "Beat Mex-ix" (bitter neighborhood rival) or Rosebud, or Marlin, McGregor or whoever the next opponent may be.

"You can see the windows rattle," Coach Smith says. "You can hear 'em for a mile."

"You can hear 'em for a mile," Principal Wood repeats. "It creates enthusiasm."

Armed with another team's program, Wood will go up to one of the La Vega players and show him a picture of a rival.

"Look at him, son," he tells the player. "That's your boy. You take care of him Friday. Take care of him good. I'll be watching you."

Coach Smith, a short, stocky, pleasant man who played fullback at Texas Christian U. in the late '30s, works in the knowledge that La Vega has an unbroken string of District Double A (250 to 500 students) championships running back to 1948. He is in the tall clover. Just so he keeps on winning. He got off to a good start this season, beating Gatesville 34-0 at Gatesville, Mexis 7-0 in the home opener and last week Rosebud 45-0.

Overemphasis? Why, the word hasn't got to La Vega yet.

Dempsey-Firpo, 1954

LARGE REMARKS passed on historic occasions are always carefully noted, but the small talk is rarely recorded. The other day at a boxing festival in Buenos Aires, Jack Dempsey and Luis Angel Firpo met for the first time since Luis knocked Jack out of the ring and Jack responded by knocking Luis down three times and out in the second round. Brought together 31 years later, both Dempsey and Firpo had glowing compliments for each other in their public appearances. But what did the great men have to say to each other privately when they met for the first time since 1923? The 81 man at the scene jotted it down and here, for the record, is the complete transcript:

DEMPSEY: Well, I always wanted to see Argentina and here I am.

FIRPO (after a loud silence): Do you like the climate?

DEMPSEY: It's about the same as New York this time of year.

Firyo (after a minute): What about those reporters who nicknamed me "The Wild Bull of the Pampas"? How are they?

DEMPSEY (promptly): They're dead.

Somewhere East of Suez

It would be hard to find a more Oriental city than Bangkok, which is called Bangkok, old boy, because of all the Kok trees. It is to the deep East what Charleston, S.C. is to the deep South. Golden-robed priests? Check. Tinkling bells? Check. Temples? E-e-e-yah! Elephants? Sure nuff! And damned good eastern cooking. It is the last place in the world you might expect to find armies of fight fans, but when France's Algerian-born Robert Cohen and Thailand's Channorn Songkitrat fought there a few days ago for the world's bantamweight championship, little old Bangkok yielded up a crowd calculated to make the International Boxing Club turn treasury-green with covetousness.

Thailand has actually been cauliflower crazy for centuries. In Thai-style boxing—a type of mayhem supposedly developed by early warriors who fought on the ground after being toppled from their elephants—the fighters kick as well as punch and use their elbows and heads at will, although a quaint Thai custom of dipping the fists in glue and ground glass has lately been abolished. The true Bangkok fight fan, as a result, finds international-style boxing a bit tame. Nevertheless, when Songkitrat and Cohen were matched for the title (abandoned five months ago by Jimmy Carruthers of Australia) tickets sold like hot rice cakes.

Rain fell in sheets on the day of the fight and the police, in the interests of guaranteeing visibility for all, banned umbrellas. But long before noon bedraggled thousands began surging into Bangkok's huge, concrete National Stadium to crouch under ponchos and long strips of white cloth. The crowd grew steadily all afternoon, although there was nothing to do but get wetter—and to stare at a gigantic, brooding billboard, which had been erected at the stadium to advertise a U.S. movie, *The Egyptian*. By 5 o'clock 70,000 people were jammed into seats, aisles and every cranny of space around the ring.

Even the King and Queen of Thailand joined the crowd—which rose in the mist and rain and roared happily as they stepped into the royal box. (Due to the fact that nobody may sit higher than they, the royal pair had seats 100 yards from the action and had to watch through binoculars.) By the time Cohen and Songkitrat were in the ring the noise was deafening. The crowd was splendidly partisan. "Use your right! Use your right!" it shrieked at Songkitrat in unison after the fight

began. "Songkitrat," called the loud-speakers after the fourth round, "is not at all tired!"

Unfortunately, however, Songkitrat was quite tired—and, after the sixth round, when Cohen broke his nose, was bleeding as well. But he was cheered defiantly until the end of the fight. The whole stadium rocked with whoops of laughter before the 10th—Cohen misplaced his mouthpiece and the inspired announcer cried: "They are looking for his false teeth." Songkitrat dissolved in tears after Cohen's hand was raised but the dripping 70,000 still seemed happy, excited and full of national pride as they departed—after all Songkitrat hadn't been allowed one kick to the mid-section and had obviously missed the title only because of the curious customs of the baffling and inscrutable West.

Beisbol's Mel Allen

DURING the baseball season some 12 to 15 million Latin Americans, *beisbol* lovers all, tune in their radio sets several times a week to hear a tormented Norteamericano broadcast major league games in Spanish. These millions will be joined during the World Series by many of New York's 800,000 Spanish-speaking residents who follow the game best in their native tongue.

The game is big news south of the border, and interest in recent years has risen sharply as so many Latin American players have come up to the big leagues. There have been 79 Latin American major leaguers, starting with Cuban William Bellan, who played third base for Troy and New York in the American League back in 1871-73.

The announcer who keeps Spanish-speaking America *a dia* with big-league baseball is broad-shouldered



Buck Canel, a swivel-tongued, fortyish man with a slender black mustache. If you can imagine Mel Allen talking Spanish, that's Canel, who speaks English too, because he was born on Staten Island, a short sea voyage south of Manhattan. His Spanish father and Scottish-American mother (a MacAllister) made him bilingual from toddlerhood, the *Staten Island Advance* put him into the news business, and in 1936, after seasoning with the Associated Press and *Havay*, he started broadcasting for NBC's new Latin American division.

Canel broadcasts with respect for their sophistication to some of the hemisphere's fiercest fans, most of them ardent followers of the Chicago White Sox, whose roster includes Alfonso Carrasquel of Venezuela, Saturnino Orestes Minofo of Cuba, San-

daho Consuegra of Cuba and Manuel Rivera, born in New York of Puerto Rican ancestry. Thus, though his program is billed as *The Game of the Day*, 90% of the time it is a White Sox game.

The problem of whether to root for the Cleveland Indians, because of Alfonso Ramon Lopez, a Floridian whose father, like Canel's, came from Asturias, Spain, or for the Giants, who have a Puerto Rican pitcher in Ruben Gomez, is not one for Buck Canel to resolve. He walks a tight line to preserve a neutrality the Swiss would envy. One reason may be that he goes south every year to cover the Winter League in Latin America and is then within easy reaching distance of whoever might wish to criticize him personally. He has, furthermore, a deep regard for his audience's right to its own opinions.

"They know the game and the players," Canel booms, "and maybe a little bit better than the average fan up here. Naturally, they're most interested in Latin American players but more than 40 percent of all major leaguers have barnstormed down there at one time or another. I figure I have 12 to 15 million listeners, though it's impossible to be sure because anyone can pick up short wave. About 50 stations rebroadcast me."

The language makes for confusion at times. Canel has had to answer such questions as: "Is George Kell a brother of Carrasquel?"

In addition to baseball he handles other sports. He described 22 Joe Louis fights for Latin America but Kid Gavilan pulls a bigger audience. During the off season he has covered everything from winter-league baseball to presidential inaugurations and track meets in Mexico, Cuba, Panama, Nicaragua, Argentina, Uruguay, Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic. All year around he writes a daily sports column for *France-Presse*, a news agency which distributes in Latin America among other places.

Canel's ambition is to persuade Al Lopez to go to Spain with him and hold baseball clinics there. He feels that Spain, already showing signs of interest, would take up baseball on a broader scale, though it won't ever rival bullfighting. But Al Lopez, these days, is thinking mostly of trips between the Polo Grounds and Municipal Stadium, Cleveland.

State amateurs (cont'd)

Futurist testimony in the continuing debate over the amateur standing of athletics in countries behind the Iron Curtain was on the record last week as Hery Tycanski, Polish featherweight boxer who escaped into West Germany, did a series of broadcasts for the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe. Excerpts from the interviews:

Q. Tell us something of the life of sportsmen in Poland.

A. Good athletes have all the time they need for training, very good jobs, too, where they earn more than the average man. All firms employing leading athletes must free them for training.

Q. As far as living conditions are concerned, are all athletes equally privileged?

A. No. Athletes who belong to the *Guardia* or CWKS [army sport club] are always in a better position. An athlete in CWKS is usually given a lieutenant's commission and pay and a flat to live in while he merely goes on practicing his sport. He has nothing else to do.

Q. What was your job while you boxed for *Guardia*?

A. I worked as a physical training instructor for the employees of the Ministry of Public Security. I was supposed to give tests for the physical fitness badge, but to be quite frank, the employees only came along to put in an appearance. They didn't even undress, let alone run or jump. It was enough that I signed the list stating that they attended. Top athletes most of the time have fictitious jobs. There are cases where men appear only once a month to sign the payroll and collect their salary. That is a normal situation. That is how things are done, as in Russia. There the top athletes do not work—they only practice sport.

Q. That means then that there is in Poland no amateur sport at present?

A. One can frankly say there is really none.

Once upon a time—Oops!

THE newest Pakistani delegate to the U.N., Princess Abida Sultan, 41, daughter of the Nawab or ruling prince of the Moslem state of Bhopal, has recently arrived in New York for duty and will be largely engaged in problems involving the status of women throughout the world. Without going into the subject formally it seems quite possible that a few conclusions as to 1) Pakistan, 2) Moslem royal houses and 3) even the status of women evolve quite naturally from a simple listing of Princess Abida's hobbies.

She enjoys swimming, field hockey, polo and cricket. She is an expert flyer with a passion for aerial acrobatics. In a recent Karachi squash tournament she won 16 matches, all against men. She drives sports cars with heavy-footed abandon, and recently suggested that a Karachi automobile dealer ought to dramatize his product's ruggedness by driving it off an inclined ramp at high speed. He agreed, but could find nobody with nerve enough to do the stunt. The princess did it herself and cried, "Great sport," afterward. She has also shot 73 tigers. Perhaps it should be added that she speaks English, Persian, Arabic, French and Urdu, plays the sitar or Indian lute, and is the mother of a 20-year-old son.



THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

A COUPLE of bobsledders, their minds fixed by no means dreamily on the winning of the Olympics, have been seen lately sitting in a sled in a wind tunnel and trailing bits of string in the airstream. Their idea, not altogether new, is to apply aerodynamic principles to the sport of coasting downhill.

A man who once held the belly-bumps championship of Hill Crossing, a peril-laden descent which required the sledder to streak across the right of way of the Boston & Maine railroad and onto a strip of road encumbered by snorting Model Ts and sometimes, it seemed, between the legs of plunging, rearing horses, was asked what he thought of bobsledding, slip streams and air turbulence. The word "bobsledding" caught his ear.

"Used to call them double-runners," he said. "You took a two-by-eight plank and set it up high on top of two low-slung sleds, rigged up a steering gear and there you were. Go like 60, especially if you ran a blowtorch over the runners on a nice, icy night. I can still hear them girls screaming."

They used to take girls along for the ride, it seems, everybody hanging onto the one in front of him. The nearest they got to science was for everybody to lean forward on the steepest part of the downhill and to try to achieve lateral stability while going around a curve. Very often the girls couldn't manage this maneuver and there would be spills, bodies crashing into the snow and each other. Right, that was all part of the game.

The two sportsmen who are giving bobsledding the scientific treatment are an engineer and a physicist. Edgar Seymour, the engineer, and Dr. Arthur Tyler, the physicist, brought their 360-pound bobsled down from Rochester, N.Y., the other day and set it up in the wind tunnel at the Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, College of Engineering, New York University. They put on their plastic helmets, goggles and zippered windbreakers and sat in the sled, Tyler at the wheel, Seymour at the brakes. Then the propeller was turned on and a 60-mile wind moaned through the tunnel.

Seymour took out a foot-long piece of string and held it in the air between himself and the driver's back. It quivered straight out before him, but the free end was pointing at the driver's back, not at Seymour. The two bobsledders looked at each other and shook their heads, conveying that something was not quite right with the aerodynamics. The bobsled cowl may, therefore, be altered so that when they are streaking downhill at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, during the 1956 winter Olympics a piece of string held between them will point in the proper aerodynamic direction, which is backward.

The old belly-bumps master was told about this curious behavior of a piece of string and he shook his head.

"Used to wear stocking caps with long tassels," he said. "Get going good and they'd stand out straight all right and sometimes your hair'd stand on end."

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



SUMMERTIME SKI JUMP was brightly floodlit over massive colonnade of Soldier Field but failed to impress overheated Chicago. Only 31,000 persons attended the three-day Norge Ski Club event, plagued by high winds and temperatures which sent artificial snow cascading like a waterfall from the imposing 194-foot tower.

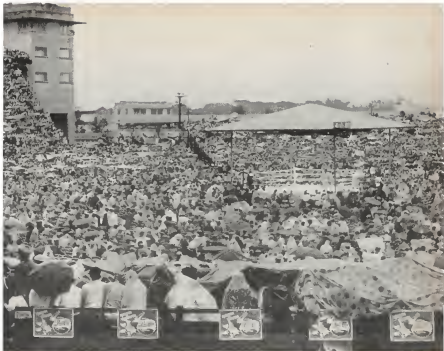


70,000 THAI fans jammed into this rain-drenched arena in Bangkok to see the world bantamweight championship fight between France's Robert Cohen and Thailand's



SOVIET CHESS MASTERS Vasily Smyslov and Mikhail Botvinnik (facing camera) led Russian team to its second victory in Hamilton-Russell trophy play—the Olympics of chess—at Amsterdam. Before winning, however, world champion Botvinnik

and second-ranking Smyslov each was played to a draw by Netherlands champions J. H. Donner (opposite Smyslov) and Dr. Max Euwe. U.S. team had to forego chance to challenge Russian supremacy after failing to raise funds for trip abroad.



Chamroen Songkitrat. While King Poomphol and Queen Sirikit looked on, former Thai-style (foot and elbows) boxer Chamroen fought valiantly despite a broken nose against more experienced Queensberry boxer Cohen, who broke his right hand in the fifth

round. Rain-drenched crowd, huddled under ponchos, tarpaulins and bed sheets, was so highly partisan even public address system announcer abandoned all pretense of impartiality to cheer for Chamroen, who lost fight by a split decision.



LADY CARRIGAN, Josephine Abercrombie's six-year-old mare, pranced gaily after succeeding famed Wing Commander as five-gaited world champion at Kentucky State Fair, while overburdened rider Garland Bradshaw held her trophy.



350-FOOT DESCENT was the record set by John Clark-Samsan, shown bobbing idly to surface off Santa Catalina Island, Calif., after dive, equipped only with rubber suit, mask and triple tank of oxygen and belium. Previous world record was 306 feet.

THE GREEN WATER WORLD OF ART MCKEE

Fascinated by all the odd relics of shipwrecks, a veteran explorer works six hours a day below, nearly drowns once a week, and meets some really queer fish

by COLES PHINIZY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER STACKPOLE

MANY MORNINGS between eight and nine, as the rest of the country heads for work, 40-year-old Art McKee of Treasure Harbor, Florida, is 15 feet underwater riding on the prongs of an anchor into his own peculiar work world. Trailing almost weightlessly over the bottom, like an oversize fish bait, is close to the average man's ideal of a cool, clean and quiet way of getting—or being dragged—to work. For McKee, the country's foremost shipwreck explorer, anchor riding is sometimes the only means of finding the job he left yesterday, particularly in rough water when visibility is poor. On those days McKee gets such a ride as no jostled commuter should ever suffer. "Come down hard on a fluke when it is coming up," says McKee, "and you really feel like fish bait."

Once he has found his wrecksite, McKee spends the rest of the day, interrupted by a 15-minute break topside to eat and dry out his water-shriveled skin, rigging equipment and picking into the past—two or three centuries, maybe more.

A GREEN WATER WORLD

It is a strange workday in a green water world, amid an odd crowd of hangers-on. At one wreck the same mutton snapper, 10 pounds of mute and stupid curiosity, hangs motionless day after day, watching over his shoulder. Sheeny baitfish school through his air bubbles. Towards afternoon mottled groupers emerge from the coral, a few joining the mutton snapper in a dumb appraisal of McKee's progress. Above him cero mackerel circle and never stop. Like a prowling office manager whose very look bespeaks evil, a barracuda comes from nowhere, darts off, darts back, flashes a fine set of teeth, then as suddenly disappears. A



TREASURE DIVER ART MCKEE

hammerhead shark moves out of the green infinity in slow circles and withdraws. McKee gives each a glance, feels for the sheath knife on his hip and keeps on digging. At this point in his persistent enthusiasm for picking into history, McKee's intimates figure it would take a mermaid troop on bridled porpoises to bring him out of his crouch in the sand.

It can be rewarding work—that is, if you include among the worth-while rewards all relics and memorabilia in a vast range from 3,000-pound frigate cannons to fragments of an archaic chamber pot. In eight years, from 17 ancient wrecks, McKee has brought up 40 tons: a 17-foot, 2½-ton anchor; 18 cannons; over 400 cannonballs; flintlocks, pistols and swords; gold doubloons; silver pieces-of-eight; wine-jug, rum-bottle and china-plate fragments; tackle blocks; pewter plates and cups; belt and shoe buckles and worn boot heels; cutlery, inkwells, figurines and religious medals; copper and silver ingots; a ton of lead; gold rings, earrings and brooches; human teeth, beef bones and elephant tusks. These are the rewards which may be struck suddenly

in quantity or singly after hours of hunting. "I don't know how much I've walked over and left down there," McKee says. "I used to be a pay diver, but this stuff gets you. It's history you can touch."

The bulk of McKee's recoveries, appraised intrinsically, would not fetch scrap-dealer prices. But as collector's items and as historical documentation the worth is often inestimable. The chief value even of the gold and silver lies not in the metal but in the circumstances under which it was found and the gap it might fill in a museum or important private collection.

After three centuries, during which hundreds of English, French and Spanish ships were trafficking, pirating, fighting and sinking in the Caribbean, popular fancy is inflamed most, of course, by the thought of gold, silver, and jewels of the East on the bottom. The world is full of dreamers who would go down and make a killing. It was just such a treasure fever boiling in someone else's blood that propelled McKee into his present career.

A MAN NAMED JACK

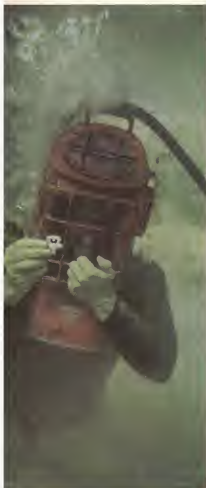
In the late 30s, Art McKee, a barrel-chested pay diver with a lean face and the orange hair of a Scotch-Irishman, was fighting a six-knot tide laying the Navy's underwater pipeline to Key West. On the edge of the old Spanish Main, this tip of Florida naturally had a double share of wild-eyed treasure zealots. "Ten or 15 a year, they came up with a crazy look," McKee remembers. "They know where it is. You dive

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RIDING AN ANCHOR to work, McKee trails below beat to scan bottom closely for wrecks hidden in coral. He wears a sweater against jellyfish stings and carries knife for sharks.



Exploring an ancient wreck is no one-day job. After ten weeks in the rubble of one Spanish galleon, McKee is still uncovering cannons and coins



SILVER BUCKLE scarcely seems worth two hours' digging beneath the galleon hull, but going deeper in next two days McKee found 45 silver coins and 500 pounds of smelted copper.



A 3,000 POUND CANNON that was buried three feet under the sand is slowly winched up, scattering a startled school of bait-fish as it pounds against the round ballast rocks of the disintegrated

galleon. McKee, who once had a similar load slip its cable, also moves well away as he tries to work his airline free of the cannon muzzle.



A "HOT SPOT" of treasure six feet under the hull planks brings McKee out to turn on his latest device for deeper and faster

digging: a suction pipe which pulls everything to the surface, then sifts the valuables from the sand in a basket 30 feet away.

for it, they'd say, and split 50-50. I'd tell them to go away. I was making good money." Then in 1938 one of them—a New Yorker who, possibly because of revenue collectors, preferred to be known as plain "Jack"—was more convincing: McKee was guaranteed one thousand dollars to dive for silver bars hidden in pitch on a Spanish galleon. It was a pushover job—a reef in shallow, glass-clear water.

ROUND STONES AND CANNON

But on his first look around, McKee was utterly disappointed. He hadn't expected an intact hull—he knew too much for that. But there was almost nothing. A stretch of round stones and two coral-encrusted cannons. That was all.

Even McKee, for all his experience, was not allowing for some very considerable factors. For one, when a ship strikes a reef, it may start to break up, reel drunkenly clear, losing cargo with each roll, until it finally founders. Rather than a compact site, it may leave a trail of litter. Moreover, little of ship or cargo will withstand the corrosive chemistry of the sea. Drifting sand and encrusting coral will preserve the shape of a relic but not always its physical composition. Lead and gold hold up well, but little else.

Ninety feet down the side of the reef where he found almost nothing on his first treasure dive, McKee could dimly see two more cannons. Five hours a day he swung a pick into the side of the reef. On the third day, near the bottom, a large sheet of coral broke off. "On the inside were marks like barrel staves," McKee recounts, "and it was black like pitch where it fell away. I swung the pick and hit a gold doubloon."

A LUCKY WRECK

In chunks of pitch McKee brought up 1,600 gold and silver coins and got 63 of them as a bonus. It was a lucky wreck, at least until Employer Jack, cracking out whisky to celebrate on a return trip, fell down the ship's ladder and broke his leg. To coin collectors who later examined, coveted and bought some of McKee's bonus share, a broken leg was scarcely justice. In fact, hearing the end of the story, they would like to grind all of Jack into a fine paste. "Maybe income tax," McKee relates, "but anyway, Jack melted his coins." The whole treasure was never examined but it roughly figures that Jack had melted over \$10,000 in coins to get about \$2,000 in bullion. "I told that to the Miami coin

RELICS OF A LOST FLEET



PIECES OF EIGHT from wreck of 1733 Spanish treasure fleet are McKee's rarest find. Only 10 such 1732 pieces are known to curators, who feel McKee may find many more as he digs on, since this fleet carried millions in silver.



SILVER AND PEWTER relics—a coral-encrusted silver dish and (clockwise) a tankard, silver statuette, spoons and forks, inkwell, sand shaker (to dry ink), and bowl—were found on same wreck as coins above. Because this ship was dated by coins and archive records, these battered utensils are valued highly by historians to help date other wrecks where similar relics are found.

collectors," says McKee, "and a great groan went up, like somebody missing an extra point in football."

After such a haul on his first old wreck, McKee proved he was only human. In the 40s he gradually forsook pay diving for treasure hunting, prowling from one wrecksite to another, most of them located on tips from local fishermen who had worked over recent rocks but never figured them as the ballasts of old ships. In the past eight

years McKee's interest has been transformed: as his treasure fever cooled at five fathoms and deeper, he became more and more fascinated by all the old relics. This does not mean that McKee, who has found more than \$3,000 in silver on a single site, has ever, or will ever, step over an ingot to pick up a pewter inkwell. It is a normal transfer of interest. Like any man who ever went into an attic trunk looking for an heirloom to hock, he is bound to emerge

with a whole armful of wonderful junk from the past.

As a man equally devoted to silver bars and inkwells, McKee is now president of the Incorporated Museum of Sunken Treasure in the Keys and an ally of curators, numismatists and historians. Anyone whose treasure fever jumps, as McKee's once did, can easily cool off and possibly die of exhaustion by working below with him. Just getting things ready requires the brawn and savvy of an oil rigger and the agility of a gibbon. Until this year, McKee's digging was tedious, a half-blind groping in the silt stirred up by jetting the sand away with a water hose. Discovering that, after years when a wreck shook like a giant sifter in rough seas, the small relics have often trickled beneath the ballast and even under the hull planks, McKee sought some way of mining deep in the sand. This led to a fanciful arrangement of suction pipe, ropes, anchors, buoys and a wire cage large enough for a family of orangutans. Now the sand is sucked away through the cage, which will trap anything as small as a button. However, in rough water the whole thing twists and fights to stay free, and McKee toils half a day, scrambling crablike across the bottom, crawling in and out of the cage, resetting anchors and guy ropes, and hanging upside down, feet entwined in one rope to give his weightless body traction to pull on another.

"I WISH HE'D DISSOLVE"

McKee usually has one or two helpers; but by midafternoon while he tunnels under the hull and pitches aside ballast rocks (which underwater is like shot-putting with bottle corks into a high wind), everyone else is done in. As night approaches, miles from home the crew fidgets. McKee's dock lies beyond a channel through one-foot shoals and jutting coral heads, haphazardly marked by Coke bottles, upended on stakes. Often McKee dips on below until the last light. "It's times like this," said Mate Wes Bradley, inching the boat through one dark night, "I wish he'd dissolve down there."

After a steady week underwater, McKee's skin has a bleached yellow cast, as if he had spent some time in the stomach of a whale. He will probably never dissolve. He has, however, run into equally improbable hazards. Though the big sharks have so far kept their distance, two six-footers once rushed him. "I didn't stab the shark," he apologizes as one might who destroyed a chickadee's nest. "The shark swam up and stuck itself on my knife.

Pulled the knife out of my hand and shot away, streaming blood, the other shark chasing it, both turning over and over."

Another time, having prodded a 500-pound jewfish out of its hole with a hard oak boat hook, McKee started in. The jewfish, for all its big mouth, generally moves over for anybody, but this one came back with a rush, dumping McKee on the rocks. McKee prodded again. The jewfish bit the boat hook in half. Since a moray eel with nastier jaws lived just behind the jew-



GOLD MEDAL honoring consecration of Peruvian Archbishop Turibus in 1726 was found off Florida by McKee 228 years later.

fish, McKee let them have it and dug his own hole farther down. Later the hull planks over this hole caved in, pinning McKee's legs for a frantic moment until he could get his fingers on the controls of the pipe sucking sand from under him. But in five years McKee has been hospitalized only once, and that because three 20th-Century privateers, after seeing him with his treasures on a TV show, beat him unconscious on a New York sidewalk.

25 STICKS OF DYNAMITE

It is the sort of work where reticence doesn't hurt a bit, but McKee oddly thrives on sharing his enthusiasm, if not his recoveries. Many of the underwater sportsmen these days have turned to exploration. The most notable of these, Dr. George Crile Jr.—a Cleveland surgeon—and his wife first viewed McKee suspiciously as a rival. But later, in their book on amateur exploration, the Criles credited McKee with giving them the right philosophy ("Treasure to him was not just gold and silver, but all the homely little articles that people have lived by..."), as well as some good pointers. The Criles had met him unexpectedly on

the wreck of an ivory slaver. McKee had come prepared for days of patient picking. Surgeon Crile had brought 25 sticks of dynamite to blast away the coral—a salvage technique comparable to dropping a five-inch salute in an incision to rid a man of gallstones. "If the Criles had let all that dynamite go," McKee says, "they'd never have lived to write a book."

McKee used to get the amateurs off his neck by sending them to the remains of the British man-of-war *Wm. Chester*. The amateurs are mad for cannons and the *Wm. Chester* bristled with them. Now that it has been stripped, McKee meets the problem two ways. Anyone who wants to gawk can pay to dive with him. Anyone who wants to work can come free provided he turns over any find to McKee's corporation.

It is McKee's fond fancy that someday, when grandmother has her own air lung, old wrecks will become historical monuments, bronze-plaques and visited on Sundays (the only memorials where orators cannot intrude). McKee already is crusading toward that end with his uncontaminated zeal. He meets a stranger and before long they are talking wrecks because McKee seldom talks about anything else. And before much longer another man who perhaps had a mind to loaf all day has been impressed into service.

"SO HE STARTS TALKING..."

Last August, for example, there was Paul Edmonston, an art instructor at Florida State University. "This fellow McKee picks me up," Edmonston related. "I was hitchhiking to Key West to do water colors. He starts talking about his diving. We stop while he gets a halibut, then again to pick up ice. He's telling me more. We stop to pick up this boy who helps him and to check on a motor. Then we almost have an accident—car coming right at us—and McKee talking away about diving. I tell him I have been spearfishing once—I guess that was my mistake. McKee tells me he is working a wreck now. I say that I am going to Key West to sketch. He tells me a man he knows paints underwater, and I tell him I only have water colors and they won't work in water. He suggests we get an iron easel and try something welders use to mark things underwater. 'Don't worry,' he says, 'we'll rig something up.' Then I knew I'd never get to Key West. Now, after being underwater with him, I can't hear a damn thing in one ear. This McKee," Edmonston concluded, "isn't a diver. He's a recruiter for the Spanish Armada."

MY LIFE AS A SPORTS WIDOW

by CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

AT THE TIME of our marriage 25 years ago, my husband's sporting interests centered solely and passionately about horses: riding them, employing them for the pursuit of hounds, observing them at race meets, judging them at horse shows, even paying formal calls on them in their stalls. I tried, as a blushing bride, to go in for the fancy. But it was my husband who did the blushing—when I donned the lovely habit I'd bought when I was at Bryn Mawr: tweed knickers, sleeveless jacket and stout army puttees.

My husband agreed that indeed the outfit must be just the thing for Colorado but not exactly right for the New York or Long Island riding set. Furthermore, as I'd be riding sidesaddle (an announcement that turned me pale), we'd better see about getting some proper equipment—from London. An Oxford Street tailor, one of those "By Appointment" fellows, made me a sidesaddle habit so extremely heavy I could barely carry it about on foot, let alone lift it onto a horse. My boots, from Peal, were worthy of a guardsman. The historic Lock & Co. "built" or more accurately soaked me my bowler hat. At the fitting they brought it forth from some hat bakery, steaming like a pudding, and clamped it on my astonished head.

I vastly admired my appearance in this highly authentic and more highly expensive ensemble. The admiration, however, was not shared by any horses, and my riding career (mercifully for both horse and rider) was short-lived. Abandoning for all time the idea of seeing my picture in *The Spur*, I divorced myself from any active sports participation and resigned myself—well, more or less—to becoming a sports widow.

My sports widowhood might be divided into three periods: the horse, the duck and the retriever. My husband's obsession during the first half of the horse period was fox hunting. Having abandoned any hope that his wife might in time become what I believe is called "a fine woman to hounds," my spouse found some solace in the fact that I could go along with him for a few weekends to upper New York State, where there was a hunt of which he was a member, and enjoy the privilege of observing the goings-on. These took place in a stretch of hill and valley I in my ignorance called lovely cow pastures but which, I was told, was "good galloping country," the very sight of which would cause sportsmen to dilate their nostrils and start dropping their final g's.

During my first stern initiation I learned one hard and fast rule of the world of outdoor sports. In order to qualify as first class, a sport must involve acute physical discomfort. All worthwhile sporting events start at break of day—which means that all participants must get up and dress a good two hours ahead of the break, long before the heat has been turned up in private home, country inn or motel.

Never having been one of those exhibitionists who go

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE KAUFMAN

MOTOR SPORTS

TESTING THE THUNDERBIRD

Ford's latest creation is a speedy, sporty answer to the growing U.S. demand for power and comfort with a sports car thrill

by JOHN BENTLEY

In the last three years, the number of imported sports cars on U.S. highways has jumped by 160%—or one for every 2,500 Americans. The auto industry, awaking to the \$340,000,000 business this represents, has countered with various new models of its own. The latest of these is the Ford Thunderbird, due for an October unveiling. To subject this new car to a critical appraisal, SI sent Motor Columnist John Bentley out to the Ford works, where he put the Thunderbird through her paces and wrote the exhaustive report which follows below.

IT WAS not a pilot model Thunderbird which the Ford Motor Company rolled out for me, but the Number-1 production model of a line which will shortly be geared to a monthly output of 1,000 cars—a big concession by an industry which until very recently still failed to realize that the clink of small change from the cash registers of imported-car dealers was growing to respectable crescendo. Ford's newest baby, as I first saw it, was a lavish car which can be equipped, at extra cost, with all the gadgetry of a prize convertible—and more. The one I drove featured Ford-O-Matic transmission, power brakes and power steer-



GHOSTLIKE AT MORE THAN 110 MILES PER HOUR, THE

ing, as well as power-operated seat and windows. Also optional, fortunately, are dummy wire-wheel discs and a detachable hard top which can be provided in place of the standard folding top—a neatly folding affair with spring-loaded bows, easily handled by two people and designed to tuck down out of sight behind the seat.

SLEEK, DOCTILE, FAST

It is a sleek, handsome, docile and fast roadster built essentially of stock Ford and Mercury parts (brakes, steering, suspension, transmission) mounted on a special box-type chassis and equipped with an all-steel custom body of outstandingly good finish, welded into one rigid unit. You cannot, for instance, replace a dented fender. The job, as on most sports cars, is one for a panel beater. Yet the Thunderbird is not a true sports car of competition type, nor does Ford make any such claim for it. In advertising jargon it is a "personal" or "much preferred" car—by which is meant a sporting, second-string machine, redolent with snob appeal, highly photogenic and fun to drive on a weekend breeze or a trip to the golf links.

Finished in black, with black and cream leather upholstery, a black pile carpet and black mohair top, this par-



INSTRUMENT PANEL follows style of the 1934 Ford, with a tachometer (left) and sweep-second clock added. Floor shift lever controls hydraulic drive. Visibility is superb.



THUNDERBIRD STREAKS PAST THE CAMERA, WITH BENTLEY AT THE WHEEL. FLAT OUT, THE CAR IS CAPABLE OF DOING 121 MPH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE CLARK

ticular Thunderbird heralded one of three color schemes which will include turquoise and Thunderbird red with matching leather. The comfortable seat (51 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide) is ample for two, but it took less than an afternoon's hard driving to discover that three abreast can easily become a crowd. For a tall driver, leg and headroom are at a premium (24 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches from seat edge to pedals with the seat fully back and three inches head clearance with the top up) but the telescopic steering wheel provides some compensation for the tight fit.

Against these minor drawbacks, the Thunderbird is a very appealing machine, judged even by sports-car standards. When top and windows are raised, it is as snugly weatherproof as a convertible and the longer you drive it the better you like it. Forward vision (through the curved panoramic windshield offering 1,027 square inches of glass) is superb. Both fenders are clearly in sight and the smoothly contoured hood air scoop confers a pleasant suggestion of power. Instrument grouping is identical with that on 1954 Fords, but with two extra dials of 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch diameter, providing a 5,000 rpm tachometer at left and a sweep-second clock at right.

Shifting is by a centrally located chrome floor lever

which slides backward or forward on a chrome scale calibrated with a conventional hydramatic dial. The knob has a push-button safety locking device which must be depressed to move from neutral through park to drive. With the accelerator jammed to the floor for a seat get-away, it is easy to spin the rear wheels, even on dry concrete. Under these conditions, the hydramatic upshifts to intermediate and high at the usual 30 and 65 mph, but a manual shift would do the Thunderbird far more justice. Still, the outstandingly good low-speed torque is obvious from the fact that the 0-30 and 30-50 mph acceleration times are identical.

SPEEDING AND CORNERING

Some fast driving and cornering quickly demonstrated the excellent roadability and handling qualities of the car, which has the best power steering I have ever sampled. It is light, positive and devoid of disconcerting "remoteness" and allows quick correction of deliberately induced slides. At 110 mph (4,300 rpm) the Thunderbird was quiet and rock-steady and could be steered with one hand, but stopping was another matter. The power brakes (11-inch Mercury drums with a 50% assist) put dangerously too much

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SPECIFICATIONS

engine & chassis

No. of cylinders	V-8
Bore	3.75 in.
Stroke	4.37 in.
Displacement	292 cu. in.
Compression ratio	—
Maximum output	—
Bore/stroke ratio	1: .88
Bhp per cu. in.	.64**
Maximum torque	—
Carburetor	Ford-Holley 4-barrel downdraft (automatic choke)
Transmission	Ford-O-Matic*

Overall ratios:	High: 3.31 Second: 4.83 Low: 7.94 Reverse: 6.62
Rear axle ratio	3.31
Flt. speed (5,000 rpm)	2,750 fpm
Mph per 1,000 rpm (High gear)	25.52

Weight	3,250 lbs.
Power/weight ratio	17.19 lbs/bhp**
Turning diameter	36 ft.
Steering wheel turns (lock to lock)	3 1/2
Steering ratio	20:1
Tire size	6.70 x 15
Brake lining area	175 sq. in.
Gas tank capacity (gallons)	17

measurements

Wheelbase	102 in.
Tread (front & rear)	56 in.
Overall length	175.3 in.
Width	70.3 in.
Height (top up)	52.2 in.
Minimum ground clearance	5.5 in.
Trunk space (approx.)	10 cu. ft.
Rear window area	55.1 sq. in.
Maximum interior width	39 in.

* Optional at extra cost

** Estimated (see text)

emphasis on power and too little on progressive braking. Tramping hard on the pedal produced a frightening one-second time lag, after which the wheels abruptly locked solid and the car slid with howling tires. This explains the mediocre stopping at speeds of 45 mph and up.

Flat out, the Thunderbird is capable of 128 mph (5,000 rpm) but this maximum is not recommended since the engine is revving way past peak. Just what that peak is, the otherwise cooperative Ford Technical Service Laboratory refuses to reveal, even at this writing which is within days of the car's general release. The V-8 engine uses a recast Mercury block bored out to 3.75 inches and with a 1.27-inch longer stroke. This block, incidentally, will probably form the basis of the 1955 Ford engine. A fair guesstimate of the Thunderbird's output on the basis of known specifications (see above) puts it at around 190 hp at 4,400 rpm.

With each car sold, the customer will get an enthusiast's repair manual of 64 pages with 57 illustrations; and if you

purchase one of the first 400 Thunderbirds produced, you will be treated to a goodwill briefing visit from a district sales manager.

The price tag of the Thunderbird is as yet undetermined, but Ford claims it will be "competitive." The \$64 question is: competitive with what? If the Chevrolet Corvette is Ford's price target, then the Thunderbird will be a remarkable value-for-money proposition and almost a "must" for tired business executives seeking to recapture their lost youth.

PERFORMANCE AT A GLANCE

Acceleration	0—30 mph: 4.0 sec.
through gears	0—60 mph: 10.0 sec.
	0—80 mph: 16.8 sec.
(High to second)	30—50 mph: 4.0 sec.
Maximum speed obtained	110 mph.

Brake Test (concrete surface)	
From 30 mph:	34 ft., 8 in.
From 45 mph:	81 ft., 4 in.
From 60 mph:	138 ft., 11 in.

Gas Consumption (all tests incl.): 15 mpg
Weather: Mild; humid to rainy; no wind.
Speedometer correction: At 60 mph read 58 mph; 3.3% slow.



LOW AND SLEEK, the Thunderbird is a road-hugging car. Here Bentley and George

Brown, assistant manager in Technical Service Laboratory, get set for trial run.

YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you plan to take up bowling

Old order changeth

BOWLING was so popular in 1366 that England's King Edward III ordered it outlawed as an interference to military archery practice. Laws notwithstanding, it has survived and even flourished since the first indoor academy was built in London in 1445. In its early days in the U.S., bowling alleys were pretty unsavory places. Not so nowadays. With the formation of the American Bowling Congress in 1895, the bowlers took charge. Now, establishments are clean, well lighted and comfortable. Equipment is topnotch. Many alleys no longer have to restrict operating hours according to availability of pinboys since American Machine & Foundry Co. developed an automatic pin-spotter that sets pins, returns balls and performs all pit services with superhuman efficiency. Today bowling is America's favorite indoor participant sport, with 20,000,000 adherents.

Convenience ...

Unless you live in a remote rural community, you will probably find bowling more convenient than any other sport. In the first place, it is practically the only one which requires no personal equipment. The academy proprietor can supply the alleys, pins, balls, shoes, score sheet and crayon pencil—all that is needed for bowling. Most academies also serve food and refreshments and some have locker rooms, showers and even baby sitters. If you live in a city of more than 20,000 population, your classified telephone directory will almost certainly list a modern bowling establishment—there are nearly 8,000 in the U.S.—within a short ride from your home or place of business. In some parts of the country you will find duckpin bowling. This version uses small pins and small balls, and is preferred by many. In any weather and at any hour, if you feel the urge to bowl, the chances are excellent that you will find an academy to accommodate you.

Confidence ...

To become an expert bowler takes years of training and practice. The overwhelming majority of the nation's bowlers lack the time, money, stamina or the desire to be stars, yet they have just as much fun. You will derive pleasure from your first game simply by relaxing and following some of the tips set forth herein. The initial step is to have self-confidence. It isn't as difficult as it looks to keep a ball on the alley. Girls of four and men of 90 bowl. So do the blind, the lame, and even amputees equipped with special suction cups.

... and comfort

Wear comfortable clothes which give you freedom of movement. Anything that does not hamper your stride or arm motion will do. Clothing specially made for bowlers may be purchased at any sporting goods shop or at your neighborhood academy, and if you are inclined to perspire a great deal it is a good idea to buy some. The most popular uniforms for women are gabardine dresses (\$8.95 and \$10.95) or gabardine skirts (\$5.95) and blouses (\$4.95). Men's shirts cost \$5.95 and \$6.95.

Shoes ...

You should wear special shoes, which may be rented at the alleys for 10 to 25 cents. If you plan to roll regularly, it will pay to buy your own (\$6.95 and \$7.95 for men and women). The shoes have white rubber heels and elk-skin uppers (natural shade for men and varicolored for women). For right-handed bowlers, the sole of the right shoe is rubber, the left shoe chrome leather. It is the opposite for left-handers, so be sure to say which you are when you ask for shoes.

Instructions ...

Almost every academy has an instructor for men and women. There is no charge, except for the "lines," or games, you roll (40 to 45 cents a game). The best way to arrange for instruction is to telephone your neighborhood academy for an appointment. Instructors usually double as floor managers and will not be available during busy hours.

continued on next page

YOU SHOULD KNOW *continued*

The ball and you . . .

Joe Wilman of Berwyn, Ill., author of books on how to teach bowling as well as how to bowl, pictures bowler and ball as a graceful team. The first step, then, is to find the right ball for you. Bowling balls, made of hard rubber, weigh from 10 to 16 pounds. Most men roll 15½- to 16-pounders. Most women, depending upon their size and weight, roll from 13½ to 14½, although some use the 16-pound ball. The heavier the ball, the better chance to knock down all ten pins.

• • •

Fitting the ball . . .

The ball must "feel" right, and that takes perfect fitting. Balls have two or three finger holes for the thumb and middle, or thumb, middle and fourth fingers. The three-finger ball is easier to control and is recommended for beginners. Find a ball whose thumb hole is a trifle large for your thumb. Then, with your thumb in the hole, rest your palm on top of the ball across the finger holes. The knuckle of your middle finger should extend one-quarter inch beyond the inner edge of the middle-finger hole to give you the proper span. If the ball still doesn't feel right, the pitch, or angle, of the thumb hole probably is bothering you. Once you find a ball with the correct span and thumb-hole pitch, make a note of its number. It will save you time on your next visit. Having your own ball will help your game, especially if you plan to roll at more than one academy. The standard black ball costs \$23.95, the mottled ball in various colors \$26.95. Caution: wherever you buy it, make sure you are fitted by an expert.

• • •

Thumbnail lesson . . .

If you hear terms such as "spot" bowling, "alley sense" and others which mean nothing to you, don't concern yourself with them at this time. The important thing the first time you roll is to get the feel of the game. The following tips should prove useful:

STANCE—Stand four paces behind the foul line, resting the ball in the palm of your left hand. Don't rush. Wait until you feel comfortable before you start your approach.

APPROACH—Take four rhythmic steps to the foul line (the fourth step actually is a slide), starting with your right foot (or, if you are left-handed, your left). With the first step, the ball should move forward with you. The second step, it swings down at your side, starting an arc backward. The third step, the ball should be behind you, at the top of the backward arc. On the sliding step, the ball should come forward to be released. The sole purpose of the approach is to set the ball in motion, not to build up speed.

RELEASE—The ball should be released a fraction of a second after the slide step ends. You will soon find the most comfortable position for your hand as you release the ball. The best way to start, though, is to picture a clock and have your thumb at a "10 o'clock" position as you release the ball.

For detailed instructions, several fine books are available. A list may be obtained from the Bowling Proprietors Association of America, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., or from the American Bowling Congress, 1572 E. Capitol Drive, Milwaukee, Wis.

• • •

Scoring . . .

A game consists of ten frames. You are allowed two balls in each frame. You should have no trouble keeping score if you remember that a *strike* (all ten pins with one ball) entitles you to 10 plus the number of pins you knock down with the next two balls, and a *spare* (all ten pins with two balls) gives you 10 plus the number of pins you knock down with the next ball. Don't be disheartened if you bowl several strikes yet fail to score well. Bowlers have discovered through the ages that it is easier to knock down ten pins than one pin. Back in 1673 William Penn wrote to Hannah Calowhill: "We were at bowls yestereen, and though I got more pins at each first roll than my friend Amzi, yet so my score was less. They do reckon outrageously. . . ." And they still do.

by The Know-it-all



THE BIG BONANZA

The B.P.A.A.'s \$85,000 handicap may hurt bowling more than it helps

by VICTOR KALMAN

LIKE a flamboyant Bowler that gives you hay fever, the \$85,000 team handicap tournament to be conducted this year by the Bowling Proprietors Association of America seems less appealing the closer you examine it.

The basic ideas appeared to be sound enough when they were presented to the B.P.A.A. convention for approval last summer at Ashbury Park, N.J. They were, simply, 1) to give lower-average bowlers a crack at big prize money, and 2) to pile up profits for the proprietors.

COMPENSATIONS VS. COMPLAINTS

But now that the first promotional literature is being circulated throughout member academies, heralding the "B.P.A.A. National Team Handicap Championship," I can't help feeling that 1) the average low-scoring bowler still doesn't stand a chance, and 2) any money the proprietors do make might not compensate for the complaints they're almost certain to receive before the glorified sweepstakes end.

The tournament will be a 75% handicap affair with local eliminations at each academy and the finals in a still-to-be-designated city. A 10-lane academy will be entitled to enter one team in the finals, a 20-lane academy two teams and so on to a maximum of five finalists. The fee will be \$10 a team initially and \$100 for the finals.

The \$85,000 prize fund, with \$15,000 going to the winner, is based on a 1,000-team entry. If the entry list is higher, the fund will be larger.

Some critics have suggested that this could prove the greatest bonanza for sharpshooters since the unarmed stagecoach. I'm confident, however, that B.P.A.A.'s Syl Sobanski, the most astute tournament director I know, will check the finalists carefully and minimize this threat. But what of the honest bowler who improves his average steadily throughout the season?

The leaflet states that the entrant must list his highest league average as of Dec. 31. Does this mean that five beginners who average 120 in December will be eligible to roll together, although they are 170-average men by tournament time in May? Or will beginners be barred? Whatever stand Sobanski takes, the wrath of bowlers will fall on their local proprietors.

Another point. Take the case of an 800-average team against the champion Stroh quintet of Detroit. With 1,000 scratch, the 800 team receives 150 pins for a 950 total. The Strohs average better than 1,050, giving them a 300-pin advantage for the three-game series. Unless the 800-average team is composed of sharpshooters or vastly improved bowlers, its chances seem slimmer than Debbie Reynolds' becoming an old maid.

Above all, the tournament can do nothing to enhance the prestige of either the proprietors or the sport itself. At best, it will be a monument to mediocrity. At worst, it will eclipse the great classics which helped raise bowling from the status of a game to the stature of a major sport.

The old saw about Class B and C bowlers being the backbone of bowling is only a half-truth. They may be the backbone of the business; the stars are the backbone of the sport. Business and sport, like Siamese twins, depend upon each other. Break either backbone and both will die.

EXPERT OPINION

Manager Leo Durscher, when asked who was more valuable to the Giants, Willie Mays or Johnny Antonelli, said: "Why don't you ask Roger Barnister which is more valuable, his right leg or his left?"

N.Y. World-Telegram and The Sun

WHAT'S BREWING THROUGHOUT THE WORLD TODAY?



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swimming on New Year's at Atlantic City, I found it a matter of acute pain to shiver into my clothes in a glacial room. The pain turned to fury when I found out that I might have remained in bed much longer than my husband. For it takes a hunting gentleman more time to get into the proper attire than it takes a debutante to dress for a ball.

Why people who are about to be doused in all manner of horse sweat, flying mud, slimy ditchwater or even their own life's blood, should dress with the dainty ease of a foreign minister about to attend a court levee, I don't know. But I do grant that there is something of the grand manner about it, like the Bourbon aristocrat taking a pinch of snuff while mounting the steps of the guillotine. And

I must admit that my husband, resplendent in white breeches, gleaming boots, impeccable stock and red—I said *pick!*—coat, mustard vest and a reinforced silk topper, was pretty as a Christmas card. And I felt that I really "belonged," as we drove to where "hounds were meeting." Horses were also meeting, and also human beings, but they are never mentioned.

For the nonparticipant, there are several methods of following a fox hunt. One may tag along at a distance on a horse. One may dash on foot via frantic short cuts to various points which it is hoped will be viewing ones. Or one may, like me, pursue a zigzag course, equally speculative, through side roads and lanes in a car. Our car was a convertible and my concession to sport was to keep the top open, even when it was raining.

Lest anyone assume that this nonsportswoman lacks all feeling for beauty, let me record right here that the sudden weird sound of that melancholy little horn has turned my hair to electric wires and that the sight of horses with their bright-coated riders streaking across a slope, or of hounds streaming in a yelping torrent out of an autumn copse, has caused me to bawl like a baby.

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

Repetition, however, can make for satiety. I gave myself an honorable discharge from the mechanized hunt-followers corps after a certain near disaster that occurred one weekend when I had brought my father along to give him a taste of the bracing life into which his daughter had wed. With the show-off authority of the half-smart explaining a subject to an ignoramus I gave him a running commentary offensively peppered with terms like "giving tongue," "breaking cover" and other John Peelisms.

I had, meanwhile, taken a small side road, my reason being, I said, that I thought the fox would go "down wind." Sheer bravado on my part. I had no more idea of which way the wind was blowing than what down it meant. Father made the politely attentive face that showed he wasn't listening. Then suddenly he went tense and cried "Watch out! You're going to hit a dog!" A lean, furry animal darted past the front wheels and only a violent jamming on of brakes prevented our squashing it. As it scuttled into an adjacent field, we paused in wild surmise, caught breath and gasped in unison "Good God! It's the fox!" We watched it lope easily away to safety. Then, both of us being underground members of the Animal Resistance, we shook hands and never told a soul. What would have happened had I run over the creature is a supposition too frightful to dwell upon. I should certainly have had to leave the community, the state and, in all likelihood, my husband.

And while we're on horses—which, thank heaven we are not—I'll mention other equine activities which over the years have forced me into sports widowhood. I don't count horse racing, which I happen vastly to enjoy. But I do count horse showing, which I happen vastly not to.

I tried. I really tried. My husband, who did a lot of judging in those days, suggested that perhaps if I were to go along with him and watch him judge, I'd acquire a taste for the thing. Watching a horse judge at work is like watching a chess champion at play. There are long, long periods when absolutely nothing happens. The horse-show judge stands in the center of the ring, most of the time quite motionless. Occasionally he tells someone who tells the riders who in turn tell the horses when to vary their routine. Occasionally he makes mysterious notations on a pad. Occasionally he carries on a whispered conversation



with a co-judge. At last the horses are lined up, their saddles removed and, as they stand there nude, he walks appraisingly around each one, signs something which proves to be his final decision, watches the ring master attach the ribbons, then retires with the co-judge for what I presume to be a drink. And there you have the thrill of watching someone officially judge a horse. I made a friendly pact with my husband to the effect that every time he insisted I go with him to a horse show, I'd insist he go with me to the Museum of Modern Art. It works out very well. I go to Madison Square Garden for the ice carnival, and his shadow has yet to fall beneath the Calder mobile.

AFTER THE HORSE... THE DUCK

A coasting accident, which resulted cruelly enough in my husband's losing a leg, ended his riding career. But not my sports widowhood. For after the horse, the wild duck raised its pretty beak.

Again I made a brave attempt and again was brought home to me that basic sportsman's rule of self-torture. Duck hunters get up even earlier than fox ones. In fact, it isn't early at all. It's just terribly late the night before. This entails the gulping down, either in your own ley kitchen or in an overheated dog wagon crowded with truck drivers, of a nocturnal breakfast—traditionally mammoth, despite the fact that only a few hours previously you have stuffed yourself with dinner and drinks. On possibly four occasions I tasted the primitive joy of deep-freezing from dawn to dusk in a duckblind and never seeing a bird. Por, not being a "gun," I was always told to cower silently out of sight (fingers well stuffed into ears) while the marksmen let fly their volleys and, sometimes, felled their prey. Then I abandoned any ideas of being either a spectator sports-woman or an apathetic decry. Now when my marital Nimrod and our mallard-minded house guests arise at 3 a.m. I lie in bed. But I don't sleep. As soon as duck enthusiasts put on their shooting togs, they go fearfully virile. Their voices deepen to a roar—a subdued roar, so as "not to wake Cornelia,"—and, because their boots and breeches must weigh half a ton, the effect when heard through a closed door is that of a number of romping dinosaurs.

And, speaking of that attire, until I found out that other duck fanciers were the same way about their shooting clothes, I kept secret the horrendous state of my husband's. Ordinarily, he is a gentleman of meticulous cleanliness, and so, as far as I can in all propriety make out, are his duck-shooting companions, but why, I ask myself, must their garments remain undecorated by dry-cleaning as though they were Coptic textiles? Well-seasoned shooting clothes are doubtless delicious to the dog in the duckblind, but in the evening when the hunter comes home from the hill and starts warming up over a fire—!!

During the season, my husband goes out about three days a week, and being a good shot, always gets his limit. Personally I am all for amending the game laws and limiting the limit. For although he manages to distribute a fair amount of the trophies among his duck-eating acquaintances, the overflow remains in our iceboxes, whence all superfluous delicacies are removed to make way for the spoils of the chase—and sometimes I do mean spoils. If the weather is "right" (meaning I wouldn't quite know what), a few "brace" may be "put out to hang." In everyday parlance, a few pairs dangle like rag mops outside the back door until they are "properly hung," which is just a day or so before the buzzards start coming up from southern New Jersey. For a duck should be approaching a state of fine Stilton in order to suit the sportsman's palate. And, as

everyone knows, the correct way to cook it comprises very little more than holding it near the oven.

Shocking as it may be to admit, I don't really care for wild duck even if it has remained for some time in the oven. And I don't think that biting into Number Four shot is an adventure in good eating. Thank God, I say, for the game laws that confine the duck season to two or three scant months!

But there are, alas, other months and other games. The latest aspect of my sports widowhood is the retriever trial. We live in Long Island, where the retriever trial has taken over like the tent caterpillar. For those half-wits such as myself who never knew what a retriever trial was, let me briefly explain that it is an all-day and several-day performance at which retrievers and retriever fanciers gather





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together to go one by one through a series of tests involving intelligence, obedience, perception and physical prowess, on the part of the dog, that is. Some take place on land, others on land in water. Birds are either shot in flight, or their extinct hodies are concealed in grass and the retrievers one by one go forth, find the creatures and bring them back in tail-waving triumph. Sometimes the dog is allowed to watch which way the bird falls. The concealed ones he must ferret out in a sort of canine treasure hunt, directed in this by the handler, who from afar blows piercing blasts on a shrill little whistle and goes through an arm-waving set of semaphore signals which are retriever code for orders like "Turn right?" "Get back!" "Come forward" and "Drop dead, you dope!"

Here, I was assured, was one sport I could follow with zest. Everyone loves a field trial! The people love it, the dogs love it, even, it would seem, the birds love it—although they don't always capture the spirit of things.

WHEN A FRIEND DOESN'T NEED A DOG

I tried once or twice to capture it. There's no denying that the dogs are lovely to watch for a time. But the time can start seeming interminable, and the waits between the acts are more drawn out than intermissions at the ballet. At first I made shy little attempts to relieve the monotony by wandering in a friendly fashion among the other spectators. But, while a retriever is working out a problem, chit-chat among the humans is bad form. I once made the mistake of going over and scraping acquaintance with certain of the dogs lined up for the next series—a gross breach for which I was severely reprimanded. A retriever about to go on line is like a tenor about to go onto the stage of the Met. You mustn't pat or distract him.

Once again I granted myself a sports divorce, this time on the grounds of field trials. But they are not the only kind, I soon learned. There are lesser occasions known as *sanction trials*, meaning that when a dog wins, the owner gets congratulations instead of a silver ashtray, while the dog receives an encouraging pat instead of a Ph.D. Our place, it seems, is just right for a sanction trial because, as I was told by one of the judges with kindly approval, "the land is so nice and uncared for."

The opening series starts in a field directly in front of our house. Cars and dog-laden station wagons assemble on a rise a bare 60 yards beyond my bed-

room windows. Need I remark that the field trial, like all clean, God-fearing sports, starts at break of day?

As lady of the manor, I thought at first it behooved me to get up and out and greet the arrivals as they came. To my intense relief I found that people concentrating on handling dogs don't want to be bothered by a hostess hospitably burling, "Do step into our parson ivy!" The fanciers can't even be bothered with coffee. As one lady enthusiast explained, she just didn't dare pause because she was "running in the open."

But I do my running indoors. Someone has to stay there anyway to comfort our house dogs, two Norwich terriers and a small mutt, all of whom start quaking at the first crack of a shotgun and continue in an all-day state of terror. The mutt keeps jumping up into my lap for sanctuary, while the older and supposedly more intrepid terrier cowers behind the water closet. They all three periodically throw up.

The solution, I find, is to betake myself and house dogs off to a cabin a few miles away overlooking the Sound and spend a serene, ungunshot day. For me there are books to browse through and never quite read, for the dogs there are rabbits to chase after and never quite catch and for us all there is the delight of picnic lunch followed by swinish sleep. In the late afternoon we return home to find the field trial over and the house crowded with happy sportsmen shedding wet clothes, getting into dry ones, trying to locate lost car keys, phoning to tell children Mummy and Daddy may be a little late and to go on with dinner—everyone drinking and talking at once and nobody listening to a word anyone else is saying. I grab a glass and join in the hearty fun. Best of all, in this as in other sports, no one has ever noticed my absence and everything works out merry as a marriage bell.



OF FISH AND FISHERMEN

A comparison of attitudes and values of anglers in England, France and the U.S. by a distinguished writer who has made a study of them

by JOHN STEINBECK

I AM ONE of the world's foremost observers of other people's fishing. I believe that certain national characteristics emerge in fishing and attitudes toward it. With this in view, I have for many years studied the relationship of fisherman to fish. It is therefore natural that on a Sunday afternoon this summer when I was in France I was drawn to the Oise to observe Parisian fishing at its very best.

Perhaps I should set down some American and British attitudes and methods in order that my conclusions about French fishing may stand out by contrast.

Fishing in America has several faces of which I shall only mention two. First, all Americans believe that they are horn fishermen. For a man to admit a distaste for fishing would be like denouncing mother love or hating moonlight. The American conceives of fishing as his personal contest against nature. He buys mountains of equipment. He clothes himself with special, expensive costumes.

The Yankee angler prefers to travel many thousands of miles, to put himself through powerful disciplines, to learn a special vocabulary and to enter a kind of puerile religion—all for the purpose of demonstrating his superiority over fish. He endows the fish with great intelligence and fabulous strength, to the end that in defeating it he is even more intelligent and powerful.

AN UN-AMERICAN THOUGHT

It has always been my private conviction that any man who pits his intelligence against a fish and loses has it coming, but this is a highly un-American thought. I hope I will not be denounced.

A secondary but important place of fishing in America is political. No candidate would think of running for public office without first catching and being photographed with a fish. Golf has nowhere near the political importance that fishing has, but maybe that is changing.

The British fisherman has quite a different approach. The English passion for private property rises to its greatest glory in the ownership and

negotiability of exclusive fishing rights in rivers and streams. The ideal British fishing story would go something like this:

Under a submerged log in a stream meandering through a beautiful meadow lies an ancient and brilliant trout which for years has outwitted the best that can be brought against him. The whole country knows him. He is called Old George. The fact that Old George has lived so long can be ascribed to the gentlemanly rules of conduct set up between trout and Englishmen. Under these rules, the fisherman must use improbable tackle and a fly Old George is known to find distasteful.

In our ideal fish story, the angler rereads Frank Walton to brush up his philosophic background, smokes many pipes, reduces all language to grunts, and finally sets out of an evening to have a go at Old George.

He creeps near to the sunken log and drops his badly tied dry fly upstream so that it will float practically into Old George's mouth. This has been happening to Old George every summer evening for ten or fifteen years. But one evening perhaps Old George

is bored. Then the fisherman, with tears streaming from his eyes, pulls poor Old George out on the grassy bank. There, with full military honors and a deep sense of sorrow from the whole community, Old George flops to his death. The fisherman eats George boiled with Brussels sprouts, sews a black band on his arm and gains the power of speech sufficiently to bore the hell out of the local pub for years to come.

GERANIUMS AND WINE

Now consider the banks of the lovely Oise on a summer Sunday afternoon. This is very different fishing. Each man has his place and does not move from it—sometimes it is a boat permanently moored, sometimes a little station on the bank allotted and loved. Since the fishermen do not move it is conceivable that neither do the fish. The status quo must be universal. One man I saw this summer had a great umbrella over him, a camp chair under him, a bottle of wine beside him, and in front the reeds were clipped to a neat, low hedge and a row of geraniums planted.

The fishing equipment is simple but invaluable. The pole is of bamboo, not expensive but often adorned. On a hook about the size of a pinhead is fixed a tiny bread pellet. The Parisian is now ready for the fishing.

Here is no sentiment, no contest, no grandeur, no economics. Most of the time there seems to be a courteous understanding by which fish and fisherman let each other strictly alone. Apparently there is also a rule about conversation. The fisherman's eyes get a dreaming look and he turns inward on his own thoughts, inspecting himself and his world in quiet. Because he is fishing, he is safe from interruption.

He can rest detached from the stresses and pressures of his life. In America it is said that it takes three weeks to rest from the rigors of a two weeks' vacation. Not so on the Oise.

I find that I approve very highly of Parisian fishing. From the sanctity of this occupation, a man may emerge refreshed and in control of his own soul. He is not idle. He is fishing, alone with himself in dignity and peace. It seems a very precious thing to me.

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SYMBOL

These three salmon on a grave slab at 12th Century Tintern Abbey on the Wye River in England are an early Christian representation of the Holy Trinity. The fish was symbol of Christ and baptism in medieval art and the origin is to be found in the initial letters of the names and titles of Jesus in Greek: *Jesus* Christ, Son of God, Saviour, which together spell the Greek word for fish: *ichthys*.



CLINGING TO THEIR MOTHER'S LONG, COARSE FUR, A BROOD OF LIVELY POSSUM YOUNGSTERS ENJOYS A FREE RIDE ACROSS A LOG

CARPETBAGGER FROM DIXIE

The possum has forsaken folklore and the South to wander northward

by JOHN O'REILLY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. P. FOX

AMERICA, a receptive nation which has been overrun by everything from the English sparrow to the dry Martin, is now being taken in by that old marsupial, the opossum. A carpet-bagger in reverse, this odd creature has spread from its traditional grounds below the Mason-Dixon line and is heading north, carrying its multiple offspring in a built-in suitcase.

There was a time when the possum was regarded as an integral part of the Deep South, as Southern as moonlight on magnolias. Down there it has three generally accepted locations: 1) up a persimmon tree with the dogs baying down below, 2) in a folk song with Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Coon, or 3) nestling in rusted farm alongside a bank of sweet potatoes.

OLD GHOST-FACE

But now what happens? Citizens over three-quarters of the country are stumbling onto this roving mammal in all sorts of curious places. Usually old ghost-face is encountered at night but sometimes he is apprehended before he has a chance to hole up for the day. Residents of cities as well as suburbanites and country folk have been seeing more and more of this peripatetic creature of the night.

Recently Mr. and Mrs. John Biele, of New York City, had eerie visitors. When they sat down to dinner in the

dining room of their home in the Bronx two pale-faced animals would peer at them through the window. Finally the Bielew jack-lighted two peeping possums with a flashlight. One escaped but the other was still staring into the beam of light when an agent of the A.S.P.C.A. arrived and captured it with a noose on the end of a stick.

Mary Luscombe, a pretty blonde with big blue eyes, also had possum trouble in the Bronx. Attired in a green Bikini bathing suit, Miss Luscombe was climbing to the roof of her five-story apartment building. Her intention was to do some sun-bathing. When she got to the top step, she was halted by a gray animal, the like of which she had never seen. She started to pet the animal but it bared its teeth in a snarl. Miss Luscombe fled. Police arrived and took a possum into custody. They never did find out how it happened to be on a New York rooftop.

In East Rutherford, N.J., Elsie Hoster climbed a ladder to clean out a squirrel house in her yard. Sticking out of the entrance hole was a foot far too big for any squirrel. The owner of the foot turned out to be a half-grown possum. It had grown too large to get out of the squirrel house. The mystery here was who or what had been passing food in to the possum.

Last April a possum was spotted climbing up a 336-foot smokestack of

the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, N.Y. When the animal had climbed about three-quarters of the way up the lightning cable of the stack, it suddenly fell to its death. The problem here was why would a possum



LITTER UP A TREE includes a possum straphanging by its tail.

want to climb a smokestack anyway.

Such possum incidents as these are occurring in more and more sections of the country as the animal continues its northward march. Almost anybody can bump into the animal nowadays, but to most job-holding persons the presence of the possum is revealed when they drive to work in the morning and see the dead ones that have been hit by cars during the night. Possums are unheeding jaywalkers and the great numbers that are hit give an indication of how numerous they have become.

It is difficult to determine just when the creature started north. Being a nocturnal animal, the vanguard penetrated many sections before the general public was aware of its presence. In recent years they have spread through most of New England. They also have crossed the border and are now residents of Canada.

NORTHWARD AND WESTWARD

While some went north others headed west. They got as far west as Colorado and were halted by mountains and deserts. (Possums like to be near water and are seldom found above 4,000 feet.) But then man began toting possums over these barriers and turned them loose where none had been before. Those released in California early in this century spread northward at an astonishing rate until now they inhabit the Pacific Coast from Mexico to Canada.

The latest word on their distribution comes from Dr. E. Raymond Hall, of the Museum of Natural History of the University of Kansas. Dr. Hall heads a monumental project in which \$100,000 has been spent in establishing the ranges of the various mammals of North America. They spent \$1,200 just in finding the whereabouts of the opossum. Their results show that the old wanderer can now be found in all but seven of the United States, that it has pushed into Canada on the north and that its southern range extends all the way to northern South America.

The seven states believed to be possumless are Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, North Dakota and Maine.

With more possums around more people are becoming interested in them. Some neighbors of mine found that in addition to feeding their numerous cats on the porch they also had established a feeding station for several possums. Now the family watches through a window when the possums take over. As they eat, the possums hiss now and then at the cats which sit in a ring



PASSIVE POSSUM in the hands of Peter Fox of Oconomowoc, Wis., wears typical poker-faced attitude of species. Ordinarily they do not make good pets.

waiting for the uninvited guests to go away.

Another friend, Constantine Nicholas Messolonghites, known as Mike up in Bedford, N.Y. has an ideal setup for possum study. A pair moved into his hanted garage last winter so he started feeding them. He passed many winter evenings watching them in comfort.

When Mike and other observers take a close look at a possum they see an animal that ought to be ashamed to go anywhere; it may be a curiosity but it is no beauty. About the size of a big cat, it is shorter and fatter. In general appearance it resembles a rat more than a cat. Its pointed white face is fitted out with black, beady eyes and ears like blackened potato chips, sometimes fringed with white. This face often wears a grin but it is a mirthless grin. At the other end they see a bare ratlike tail that is prehensile and more than half as long as the body. The fur on the body is usually gray but varies from white to nearly black. The big

toes on the hind feet are opposable like human thumbs.

Sometimes when attacked and cornered the animal simulates death—"plays possum"—in a most convincing manner. I'll never forget the first time I saw this act. Although I knew that possums carried on that way I was fooled. We had shaken it out of a tree and it had collapsed. Its mouth hung partly open and its lips were lax. The body was absolutely limp and when we poked it with a stick there was no sign of life. We waited a long time but finally went away. When we came back the possum was gone.

UNPREDICTABLE SPELLS

This doesn't mean that the possum will swoon every time you say "Boo!" These fainting spells are unpredictable. Often a possum will snarl, hiss, drool or try its best to run away without passing out at all. There seems to be some question as to whether it actually plays dead or is so overtaken by panic

that it keeps over in a coma. In either event scientists have found that when a possum puts on its act the heart rate slows down and it can stay passed out for as long as six hours.

When awake a possum is invariably hungry. Home owners have found that this night raider of the compost heap is omnivorous. In fact, a possum will eat anything, including some items which couldn't be classed as food. Harold C. Reynolds, who studied possums in Missouri, proved this when he listed items found in their stomachs. Part of this disgusting list follows:

Snails, snakes, frogs, crawfish, hens' eggs, grasshoppers, crickets, cockroaches, stink bugs, tiger beetles, wasps, moths, ants, persimmons, grapes, blackberries, slugs, rabbits, moles, house cat, meadow mouse, fox squirrel, opossum (ugh!), blue-tailed skink, fence lizard, timothy, alfalfa, clover, winter wheat and Cellophane. Indications were that the mammals in this ghastly diet were eaten as carrion.

Occasionally somebody catches a possum and tries to make a pet of it. This is just about hopeless because of the unresponsive nature of the animal. It just isn't bright. Scientists agree, in fact, that the possum is the dumbest mammal in North America. Its brain case is about the size of the bobbin on a sewing machine and it can't even see very well.

THE POSSUM'S POUCH

But anatomically the possum is interesting. Being a marsupial or posched mammal, the females carry their young in an abdominal pouch like the kangaroos of Australia. It is the only marsupial in North America. There were two species recognized but they are now judged to be one and the same animal, dubbed scientifically as *Didelphis virginiana*.

The pouch of the possum is lined with fur and inside it there are normally 13 teats. When the young are born after a gestation period of only 13 days they are still embryonic; half-formed, hairless things so tiny that a whole litter can be put in a thimble. Despite this, these mites crawl through the fur on the mother's belly, find their way into the pouch and each attaches itself to one of the nipples. A litter may number as many as 20 but only those which find nipples survive.

After 50 to 60 days in the pouch the young emerge and travel with the mother for a time, clinging to her fur. But as early as two weeks after one litter is weaned a second gang is born and takes up residence in the pouch.



SNUG IN POUCH, young possums peek out from their deluxe quarters.

Even in northerly sections the possum frequently has two litters a year.

Its fertility and its catholic appetite are two good reasons why the possum is able to prosper on its northward trek. Despite its bare tail, thin ears and scantily haired feet it keeps trudging northward, eating anything it can find. One old possum that comes to my compost pile has about half of his tail missing. Others have reported this on numerous occasions and it is believed the tails have been frozen off. Some have been seen with ears warped and split from frostbite.

They have wandered all the way up to Ontario now but scientists feel that they probably have gone about as far as they can go. Somewhere up there they will run into a mean temperature below which no possum can survive. Just where that is on the map has not been ascertained. They'll have to leave that to the possum itself.

Meanwhile residents of various parts of the country are accepting the animal with mixed emotions. Some don't like their garbage thrown around and feel the critter ought to go back where it came from. Others think it is nice to have them around to clean things up, a sort of animated Disposal. There are few who are not intrigued in some way.

A WILD SPORT

That old Southern sport of possum hunting is also moving north. It is not moving as fast as the possums but it is spreading. Every now and then a possum-hunting Southerner moves north and when he finds that his old friends are around he soon takes to the woods with his dog.

This possum hunting is a wild sport carried on by night. It lacks form but it is noisy and exciting. A couple of years ago I had the privilege of participating in a scientific possum hunt. I had accompanied an expedition of the American Museum of Natural History from New York to the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee to obtain specimens and background material for a habitat group showing the opossum in its natural surroundings.

As one of the main objectives was to obtain a specimen of *Didelphis*, T. Donald Carter, mammalogist and leader of the expedition, arranged with some local mountain men to go on a possum hunt. Our dogs had been turned loose in the woods only about ten minutes when they opened up and in a few minutes more they treed a possum. Scientists and mountaineers rushed through the scrub until we came upon the quarry in a persimmon tree, silhouetted against the moon.

POSSUM UP A TREE

Bob Seaton, 17-year-old mountain lad who was the official tree climber of the hunt, swarmed up the tree and eased out onto a small limb. He shook the limb frantically until the possum lost its grip and tumbled down. Amid wild yells from the hunters and the barking of the dogs the gang closed in. After a short chase one hunter grabbed the possum and put him in a sack.

"Nobody's goin' to believe this," Bob Seaton said as we rested before turning the dogs loose again. "When you folks get back to New York and tell 'em we found our first possum up a 'simmon tree just where he ought to be, they won't believe a word of it."

Bob's fears were unfounded, for that particular opossum is now a part of a habitat group in the museum's Hall of North American Mammals and it is up in the top of a persimmon tree, just where it ought to be.

Its presence in the North is bound to bring a lot of changes. In time New Englanders may be raving over roast possum and clam chowder and giving their folksongs and rhymes a Southern tone. There is one old Southern rhyme which goes:

Possum up a 'simmon tree,
Raccoon on de ground.
Raccoon says to de possum,
"Yas tho' dea 'simmons down."

The New England version probably will be something like this:

Possum in de compost heap,
Quabog in de pond.
Br'er Possum sho' tastes good.
Cheers fo' New England.

EXECUTIVE SHOOT

AS AUTUMN paints fresh colors across the country, a change no less abrupt manifests itself in the habits of an ever-growing army of sporting businessmen. Executive desks are vacated upon a sudden wire: "The ducks are down. Hurry." Often platoons of top-management men rush by specially

chartered plane for duck marsh and forest lodges.

These hunting "leaves" are now an accepted thing, reflecting a need for increased time away from work, and they will increase as more and more businessmen discover that the absorption demanded by hunting permits no

thoughts of the problems back at the office.

On these pages a few of this country's top executives, men well known for their impeccable grooming in office and board room, are shown as few ever see them—relaxed and happy in another kind of world.



NORMAN CHANDLER, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, shown with two limits of Canada geese and some ducks which he and a friend shot at Casque Lake on the Tejon Ranch near Lebec, Calif. Chandler has been an enthusiastic wild-fowler for the past

25 years. He manages to get away from his work for seven or eight shoots at the ranch every season and also to go quail, dove and deer hunting. "Afraid," he says, "the only problem is whether you can hit them."



FRANCIS J. FABICK, secretary of the John Fabick Tractor Co. of St. Louis, a big-game hunter for the past 18 years, shot this Dall sheep with a Model 70 Winchester in the Endicott Mountains of Alaska. With him is Bud Branham, a camp owner. Fabick also hunts in the U.S. and in Canada, averages two major big-game trips a year and frequently goes deep-sea fishing.



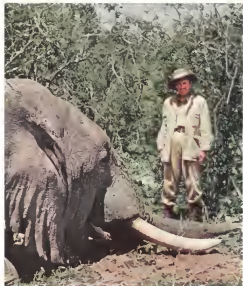
E. HERRICK LOW shot these snow geese last year on a hunting trip in Manitoba. He is shown with his Cree guide and springer spaniel, Soda. Low is first vice president of the Corn Exchange Bank Trust Co. of N. Y. and is chairman of the Ducks Unlimited finance committee. Wild-fowling is his favorite sport. He does most of his hunting on Long Island and Chesapeake Bay, Md.



HAROLD W. STORY hunts ducks nearly every weekend of the season, then shifts to pheasants (mostly on preserves) and finally shoots doves. He is vice president and general attorney of the Allis Chalmers Mfg. Co. of Milwaukee and a pioneer director of Ducks Unlimited. He and his son shot these ducks at Lake Winnebago, Wis.



MAHLON B. WALLACE JR., president of the Wallace Corp. (woodenware) of St. Louis, killed this fine eland in Tanganyika. The Wallaces, married 36 years ago, have gone on many big-game hunts together.



SCOTT HAYES wants a try at every dangerous animal. He has hunted all over North America, went to Africa and India and killed this elephant, among other game, on the trip. He went to Norway this summer for a polar bear, then again to India where he has a big-game outfitting business. Hayes is owner-manager of the Harmony Guest Ranch at Estes Park, Colorado.



FREDERICK C. MILLER with a bag of ducks at Sports Afield Lodge, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba. He shoots a Model 12 Winchester, raises his own black Labrador retrievers, has been a duck hunter 15 years. A fisherman too, he flies his own Widgeon on trips north from his home near Milwaukee. He is board chairman, president and treasurer of the Miller Brewing Co. (Miller's High Life Beer) at Milwaukee. Long an athlete, he played football at Notre Dame, nowadays keeps fit with handball, tennis, swimming, sailing, golf, horseback riding, skating and iceboating.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

SO=season opened (or open); SC=season closed (or close); SY=season varies by district or water
C=clear water; D=water dirty or milky; M=water muddy
N=water at normal height; SH=slightly high; H=high; VH=very high; L=low; R=rising; F=falling
WTS=water temperature 50°
FG=fishing good; FF=fishing fair; FP=fishing poor; OG=outlook good; OF=outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

TROUT: COLORADO: Heavy snow in high Rockies put chill on surface fishing in high-altitude waters but big water streams are hot. Flying Pan L, C, FG, OG; Gunnison L, C, FG, OG; Michigan L, C, FG, OG. This stream is next week's best bet; South Platte YL, C, FP, OF. With tourists gone home and rivers low, fly-fishing is at peak but cold weather will force bait and spinner fishing before SC Oct. 31.

SOUTHERN COLUMBIA: Kanirope fishing good to excellent at mouth of Adams River, although sockeye run hadn't started in force last week; FG in interior lakes and OG until snowfall. All Vancouver Island lakes producing good cut-throat catches to fly and troll; Campbell Lakes, McVoy and others fishing well and OG as sea-run fish show in most streams.

IDAHO: Salmon River and tributaries producing well as residents move into spawning areas; dry fly taking fish from Snake River in Thousand Springs area as warm weather released heavy fly hatches, but morning tollers getting biggest trout; good evening fly fishing on Little and Big Wood rivers with heavy-hatched brown biontides most productive; FG and OG in Lost River watershed streams.

WASHINGTON: 18½-pound rainbow caught in White Lake (Steven County) on bait as lake fishing picks up with cooler weather; Jamison had but opener with rainbows averaging 12-16 inches and OG for top fly fishing through October; Lake Sammamish good for cutthroat and rainbows to three pounds on troll; hatch in producing and beaver ponds in cut-over land patches fine wild trout on fly.

MONTANA: Missouri River above Canyon Ferry Lake yielding five- to 10-pound trout on spinning lures as bright warm days and cool nights maintain top fishing throughout northern Rockies.

WYOMING: Cool spell is putting more insects in trout and OG for fly fishing in most rivers; most Yellowstone area streams are at peak for fly fishing; Lewis, Shoshone and Heart lakes producing macchinos on large light-colored flies, and OG through next week.

CALIFORNIA: Best bets for trout in northern state are upper American and Feather rivers. Good trout have started hatching in Lake Almond which will be open all winter this year. Big browns now moving up Owens River out of Crowley Lake and are amenable to flies and spinners.

OREGON: With algae cleared and water low in Willamette River (upper Deschutes River), fishing is excellent for rainbows to 10 pounds brown to 15 on spinning lures (copper wobbler best bet). FG with large dry flies and OG until SC Oct. 10.

IDAHO: One local expert observed, "We didn't have any summer—that's why fall fishing's so good."

BLUEFISH: MASSACHUSETTS: March's Vineyard is in midst of greatest bluefish season in years, with six- to eight-pound fish abundant and showing no signs of leaving (top fish in local derby is eight pounds 5½ ounces); OG through October.

BREEDER ISLANDS: Block Island surfcasters taking some good blues from the beaches as schools are thick in offshore waters.

FLORIDA: East coast anglers still waiting for wind to shift from SE to NE and blow blues into beaches from Stuart to Miami Beach, OG if and when.

CNAPPELL BASS: NORTH CAROLINA: Surf casting along outer banks (Nags Head to Drum Inlet) should enjoy fast action next few weeks with bass coming big and often; fishing pairs producing nice catches of puppy and yearling drum with a sprinkling of mature fish to 40 pounds.

MUSKELLUNGE: ONTARIO: FG in Perry Sound region (41-pounder reported from Moon River on troll spinner); silver wobbler raising good fish in west arm of Lake Nipissing.

PENNSYLVANIA: Only musky action in state is at Lake LeBoeuf, where fish in 20-pound class are taking big suckers; fishermen flocking to Connetquot Lake at low water for clearing of best liveries at Pymatung; but FP; local talent says prospects are good when high winds die and barometer settles.

NEW YORK: Rough weather keeping most musky regulars ashore in St. Lawrence River, although Clayton reports two fish last week in 30-pound class. OG after first frost, due soon. Stormy weather roiled Chautauque Lake last week after veteran muskymen Knute Kilbourn brought in 39-pounder taken off Maple Springs Monday night. After-dark anglers should do well with live bait from now until SC Oct. 15.

WISCONSIN: Most of northern part of state had heavy frost last week and sucker-seekers spring into action. FG in Hayward area, Chippewa Flowage and Round Lake; coredwood pliers and banktails producing in Eagle River area, Big Twin, Columbus and Long Lakes; Wisconsin River (Rhinelander area) off slightly. No trophy fish reported and pressure off because of cold spell but traffic will increase with good weather and brilliant color in woods.

WALL-EYE PINE: TENNESSEE: Narra Lake reports FY but other state waters disappointing. OF.

PENNSYLVANIA: Big wall-eyes still not showing in Delaware but OG in all pools above Post Jervis after Oct. 1.

MINNESOTA: Leech Lake reported reddish as cool weather has improved statewide fishing.

BLACK BASS: MICHIGAN: FG in Orchard and other lakes NW of Detroit with runs averaging two pounds and many as five-pound bracket; nightcrawlers best bait.

NEW YORK: FP in Chautauque Lake, St. Lawrence River, Lake Erie but OG when weather settles.

TENNESSEE: Fishing improved on all TVA lakes last week with best catches from Cherokee and Center Hill Lakes; some top-water action starting to develop but most lunkers still in deep water and partial to slow-trolled lures.

MISSOURI: Most streams in fine condition as cool weather makes bass eager to feed and several four- to five-pound fish reported last week; Black River C, SH, FG, OG.

ONTARIO: Rideau Lakes and Bay of Quinte producing well and OG next two weeks; FG in Tenago, Nipissing and smaller lakes between, with sunnier pools most successful and OG until SC Oct. 15.

PENNSYLVANIA: Fishing improving in central state as rivers rise to normal level, but still below par, with best (but not good) reports from lower end of Juniata FP in Allegheny River but OG when weather lights someplace.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Long spell of stormy weather seems ended and OG for surf and boat fishermen as good schools are moving south and west around the cape and islands toward Montauk.

CALIFORNIA: Even hard-luck guys taking limits at all popular spots in San Francisco Bay region; Delta waters full of bass to 20 pounds.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: Cams River SH with OG as best runs have not shown yet except at mouth; recent rains raised Tahquamenon and Tenacum Rivers but few fish in 10-pound class were killed last week and OG when water lowers; Nashua N, C, OG on this late river; not much action on Southwest Miramichi as SC Sept. 30.

STEELHEAD TROUT: CALIFORNIA: Fly fishermen doing well in Lower Klamath (up to Big Creek) and in the Trinity to Weaverville.

OREGON: Steelhead fairly hot in Gunt's Falls to Galice area, with baiting most-favored method and standard steelhead fly patterns on #8 and #10 hooks best lure; OG unless heavy rains come early in upper river.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON: Inlet Puget Sound showing best silver fishing of the season off Bush Point, Mutiny Bay and Point No Point with salmon averaging eight to 10 pounds; limits common last week at Strait of Juan de Fuca at Neah Bay and Sekia with prospects good for next fortnight.

CALIFORNIA: Commercial fishermen predict best fall run of chinooks in many years as huge schools lay off mouths of rivers; Klamath hottest now; tollers taking quick limits off San Francisco; few chinooks in Trinity River but rains will goose runs toward mid-October peak.

OREGON: FG at Yaquina Bay with runs running to 15 pounds and best fishing just outside the bar; herring smooching with light spinning tackle most popular method; OG through early October but bring rain clothes.

NORTHERN COLUMBIA: Coho salmon showing well in most waters and milling off river mouths with good catches reported from April Point, Brown Bay, Campbell River and Comox; OG although heavy rains have already drawn some fish into the streams.

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Thursday, October 14	THE GRAND NATIONAL 'CHASE
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COLUMN OF THE WEEK

The law of the pot and the kettle is invoked against professional football's Bert Bell by Sports Editor Lyall Smith, who says the pros are in no position to cast aspersions on the colleges in the matter of televising ball games.

THAT BLAST by Bert Bell at Fritz Crisler & Collegiate Co. has all the tinny sounds of the pot claiming that the kettle is black.

The pro football commissioner's blood pressure hit new heights when he heard of a collegiate "blackout" on professional gridiron activities... i.e., no mention of pro ball on collegiate broadcasts, no pro coaches on collegiate interviews, etc.

MUDDY SHOES, TOO

If he had criticized the collegians for invoking such bans, and then let it go at that, Bertram would have been on solid ground. But he let himself be carried away so far that he obviously forgot that there also is mud on the shoes of the professionals.

Bell charged that Crisler, Big Ten Commissioner Tug Wilson and others are responsible for the current television setup which permits only one collegiate game to be televised each Saturday. Another part of that setup provides that a team can be on only one televised game each season.

He claims that they put in this "controlled-plan" because the Big Ten was afraid that Notre Dame would monopolize TV monitors if the once-a-season edict wasn't invoked.

"Notre Dame would get the receipts and deprive some of those selfish men (Crisler et al.) of trying to control the situation so that Notre Dame would be in the same capacity as they," he declared.

Then he switched back to the pros. "As far as we're concerned, we are televising on Saturday nights as planned. That's why they are afraid of us. . . . We said it before, and we say it now, we are going to give the public all the television we can. . . ."

Bell makes it look as if the collegians are stifling TV appetites because of selfish reasons while the good old pros are sacrificing everything just so fans can sit at home and watch games on their living room sets.

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Each week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will reprint an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of \$250.

That's hogwash. Pure, plain, unadulterated hogwash.

Not that the collegiate TV setup is perfect. It isn't. But when Bell tries to make the pros look good at the collegians' expense, he's way off base.

He insists that the pros are going to give the public all of the television they can. Funny thing about that one. I still remember the title game here at Briggs Stadium last December.

It was a sellout. But would Commissioner Bell let it be televised here in Detroit so all the fans who couldn't buy seats could watch it? He would not.

There will be games played this fall in the pro wheel which will find Briggs Stadium again sold out solid. On those same days, there will be televised games starring the Browns, 49ers, Rams and other good teams.

These games could be televised into Detroit for the benefit of shut-ins who are physically unable to go to games and other persons who are physically able to go but were shut out at the ticket office.

But will Bell let such games be televised? He will not. League rules, you know.

Sure, there are reasons why the pros put restrictions on television. But they are exactly the same reasons why the collegians have put similar restrictions on the same great medium which drops football action right into your lap.

Financial reasons. That's what they are. And the pros are just as worried about them as are the collegians.

PAIN IN THE POCKETBOOK

Both camps are convinced that unlimited television would hit them where it hurts the most . . . in their pocketbooks.

For the commissioner of the pro league to call the collegians "selfish men" for doing the same thing his own professional men are doing puts him in a strange spot.

Like the pot and the kettle.

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GAME OF THE WEEK: NOTRE DAME 21 TEXAS 0

by SAM WELLES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BY PERKIN

NOTRE DAME believes in beginning with a tough opponent. A team gets up faster if the first game is going to be hard: with everyone else pointing for it all season long, Notre Dame has to get up right away. Texas, this year's opener, looked even tougher than normal. Ranked fourth in the nation in last week's football poll, Texas is the pick for the Southwest Conference championship. And Notre Dame's new coach, 26-year-old Terry Brennan, who had handled only high school and freshman elevens, faced his first varsity game. To make it worse, Texas had ruined Elmer Layden's debut as coach and handed Notre Dame its last opening-game defeat, 7-6 in 1934.

Terry got his team up so fast that Texas lost 21-0, failing to score for the first time in 77 games. In the best Rockne-Leahy tradition, Notre Dame

took command in the pinches, showed complete mastery of the fundamentals, grabbed three Texas fumbles, intercepted four passes, and stopped the Longhorns every time they threatened. A highly partisan crowd of 57,594, gleeful on a golden afternoon, could say: "The king is dead, long live the king." No one in the throng was happier than the late king himself, Frank Leahy, who watched from the stands.

Last year Leahy publicly doubted if Notre Dame would get a first down all season. Last spring Brennan, who has little pessimism and a poise almost indecent for his age, said calmly: "I think we'll do all right." In spring and fall practice alike, Brennan never raised his voice. But standing in the backfield throughout every scrimmage, he also never failed to tell in detail just how each play could have been better.

In the first two minutes of the game, Texas went 62 yards in four plays to the seven. Then Frank Varrichione recovered Charley Brewer's fumble on the eleven. Texas did not again come close until the last play of the half, when Ralph Guglielmi intercepted Brewer's long pass on the goal line. Texas nearly scored late in the third period, but Jack Lee recovered Don Maroney's fumble on the six. So, for the first time since their 1946 game with Texas Christian, the Longhorns were left scoreless.

Quarterback Guglielmi, just six years younger than Brennan and a frequent selection for All-America last year, had an All-America day. He passed to Dan Shannon for the first touchdown, having opened the gates for it by intercepting a pass and sprinting 41 yards down the side line. He scored the other two touchdowns himself, after Notre

Text continued on page 58

RALPH GUGLIELMI, Notre Dame quarterback, hits stride after intercepting Texas pass in second period. Guglielmi went

41 yards to Texas 39-yard line on this play, grabbed two other Longhorn passes and scored twice in memorable day.





DAN SHANNON, Irish co-captain and left end, cradles 19-yard pass from Guglielmi before stepping across for first Notre Dame

touchdown. Score came only three plays after Guglielmi made side-line dash with Texas pass (opposite page).



JOE HEAP, low-slung Notre Dame halfback, typifies menacing power of winners as he takes hand-off from Guglielmi and heads

for off-tackle hole. This was Texas' weak spot which Irish backs hammered repeatedly to pick up vital yards.

TEXAS STANDOUTS



DELANO WOMACK, leading ground gainer for Longhorns, picked up only a yard before running into rugged defense, while substitute Chester



Simcik slipped through for 12 yards to Irish nine-yard line, only to see teammates fumble ball away on next play.

Dame marches of 79 and 56 yards, both on the quarterback option play. Each time Guglielmi ran laterally to the left, just behind the line, until he saw an opening, inside left tackle, then slanted across the goal. The Texas line, sparked by Tackle Buck Lunsford and End Howard Moon, almost matched the Notre Dame forwards, led by Guard Ray Lemek and Tackles Varrichione and Sam Palumbo and Center Dick Szymanski. The Texas backs were outclassed, though Left Half Delano Womack managed to gain 49 yards in seven tries. Texas made 14 first downs to 16, but the Irish controlled the ball.

Nothing in Notre Dame's whole performance was more quietly impressive than the way it ended. Instead of hoisting Guglielmi or Brennan to their shoulders, the players just ran off the field. Brennan walked impassively behind, looking as if he were as used to winning as Notre Dame.

BEST PLAY



Reliable ground gainer for Notre Dame was fullback slant over Texas left tackle. Quarterback Guglielmi (1) takes ball from center, pivots to right and hands off to Fullback Schaefer (3). Key blocks are thrown by Right Guard Leo (65) who pulls out to hit Texas end, Notre Dame End Paul Metz (99) who blocks in Texas tackle, and Right Halfback Jim Morse (17), who leads play, blocks backer-up.



FRANK LEAHY, retired Notre Dame coach, saw Brennan strategy from stands.

Next week—DUKE vs. TENNESSEE
at Durham, N.C.



COACH TERRY BRENNAN, confronting players with 21-0 lead and only seven minutes left in the game, looked more like worried loser than young man about to wind up



winning debut in hottest coaching spot in country. Brennan, crack Notre Dame halfback only five years ago, had never coached college games before opener with Texas.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Oct. 2nd

• **U.C.L.A. vs. Maryland.** (Friday) Mighty Maryland had an open date last week. U.C.L.A. conquered Kansas 32-7. If Maryland wins they will go undefeated, but—U.C.L.A.

• **Notre Dame vs. Purdue.** Terrible Terry's team took touted Texas 21 to 0. Purdue trounced highly rated Missouri 31-0. Still—NOTRE DAME.

• **Duke vs. Tennessee.** The Blue Devils showed their power wrecking Penn 52-0. The Vols were ragged but strong, beating Mississippi State 19-7. Closer than you'd think but . . . DUKE.

• **Michigan State vs. Wisconsin.** The Badgers massacred Marquette 52-14. Michigan State was beaten by Iowa 10-14. Is it the end of an era for the Spartans? WISCONSIN.

• **Rice vs. Cornell.** The Ithacans, upset by Colgate, will come storming back Saturday night in Houston, but the Owls are alert. RICE.

• **Ohio State vs. California.** California bounced back from Oklahoma to crush San Jose State 45-0. The Buckeyes were hot in their 28-0 win over Indiana. In the belief that they are at least still warm . . . OHIO STATE.

• **Southern Methodist vs. Georgia Tech.** Tech will be smarting after the Florida upset. The Yellow Jackets can still sting. GEORGIA TECH.

• **Michigan vs. Army.** The Wolverines staved off Washington's sensational passing attack to win 14-0 in their opener. The Cadets were soundly trounced by an underrated South Carolina 34-20. Blaik doesn't often lose two in a row, but—MICHIGAN.

• **Syracuse vs. Penn State.** Penn State stunned Illinois 14-12; Syracuse vanquished Villanova 28-6. The Nittany Lions must be tough. PENN STATE.

• **Yale vs. Brown.** Al Kelley's Brown team may be the Ivy darkhorse but the Eli sophomores are wowa. YALE.

ALSO:

Princeton over Columbia
Navy over Dartmouth
Auburn over Florida
Colgate over Holy Cross
Iowa over Montana
L.S.U. over Kentucky
Southern Cal. over Northwestern
Minnesota over Pitt
South Carolina over West Va.
Hlinels over Stanford
Boston College over Temple
Texas Tech over Oklahoma A. & M.
Texas over Washington State
Mississippi over Villanova

Last week's box score:

18 right, 7 wrong

Record to date: 27-8

FOOTBALL THE SOLID SOUTH

by HERMAN HICKMAN



MEMPHIS

WHEN Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, those two English astronomers, laid their line along the South in 1763 they drew it for the ages. The Mason and Dixon Line still exists today, and there's no better way to describe the football world below it than as solid. My own survey stretched from College Park in Maryland to Arizona, and in it you will encounter some of the solidest football ever. To sample some of it, I'm down in Memphis where I have just finished watching a double-header—Tennessee beating Mississippi State 19-7 and the University of Mississippi humbling Kentucky 28-9. Four teams—and they were fast and fancy, and that's what you can expect of the South in Fifty-four.

THE SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Georgia Tech. Tech is talent-loaded with 25 returning lettermen and a good crop of sophomores. Outstanding returnees are All-American Center Larry Morris, Guard Franklin Delano Brooks and Halfback Bill Tens. Sophomores to remember are Halfback Paul Rotenberry, Fullback Dickie Mattison, Quarterback Wade Mitchell and Tackle Carl Vereen. Tech opened the season with a smashing 28-0 victory over Tulane, and they still look good despite Florida's 13-12 upset victory.

Alabama. The Crimson Tide was defeated by Mississippi Southern, but as far as the S.E.C. is concerned I would rate them with Georgia Tech as one of the two top teams, though neither will win the title. Last week the Tide beat L.S.U. 12-0. Corky Tharp was voted the best running back in the conference last season and might be the outstanding S.E.C. backfield candidate for All-American. Others to watch are Fullback Bill Stone; Bart Starr, whose passing ranks him along with Harry Gilmer; Bobby Luna, and Sid Youngelman, 'Bama's rough man in the line.

Mississippi. The Rebels will win the S.E.C. championship and perhaps go unbeaten this season—and not just because their schedule leaves out some of the top teams. Coach John Vaught has done wonders since 1947. Outstanding returnees are Fullback Bobby McCool; Tackle Rex Reed Beggan; Halfback Earl Blair, a 9.8 sprinter; and Ends Dickerson, Adams and Harris.

Auburn. Head Coach Ralph Jordan told me: "Auburn will field as good a football team as last year, if not a better one." Actually, Auburn should

DOUBLE THREATS of Texas Tech are Tackle Walker, Quarterback Kirkpatrick.



have one of the best teams in its history. End Jim Pyburn is one of the big reasons, and Quarterback Bobby Freeman is another. The Tigers use the two-team system playing in intervals of eight minutes. Remember what I said three weeks ago about the two-platoon system being used this season? **Tennessee.** This year's squad of my old teammate, Coach Harvey Robinson, could be a year away from maturity. The Volunteers will be greener and larger than ever before. Jimmy Wade and Pat Oleksiak give Tennessee strength at the vital tailback position. Captain Darris McCord, tackle, and Tom Tracy, fullback, are bulwarks. **L.S.U.** The Bengal Tigers remain a threat. Whenever tackles are mentioned, 225-pound Sid Fournet is one of them. Al Doggett, quarterback, and 205-pound sophomore Fullback Tommy Davis are men to watch. **Kentucky.** Blanton Collier collided with Mighty Maryland and Mississippi in the first two games, and that's tough for a new coach. The Maryland game was much closer than the 20-0 score indicated, and Kentucky moved the ball almost at will. Ole Miss was just too much for them. Bob Hardy is a competent T quarterback. Duke Curran is a tackle of ability.

Mississippi State. Gone are Jackie Parker, one of the really great split T quarterbacks, and Head Coach Murray Warmath. Left are Harold Easterwood, a top-ranking center; Bobby Collins, who did well at quarterback when Parker was hurt last season; and two fine halfbacks in George Suda and Charles Evans. The rising sophomores are better than usual, but the Maroons



ALABAMA ACE Bobby Luna picks up eight yards against Mississippi Southern's line. Despite 2-7 upset, Alabama remains a top contender in Southeastern Conference.

lost their first conference test last Saturday to Tennessee.

Florida. Back in the 'Gators' fold are 23 lettermen. Outstanding are Fullbacks Mal Hammack and Joe Brodsky, Center Steve DeLaTorre and Halfback Jackie Simpson. Florida lost to the Cotton Bowl champions, Rice, in the opener but really surprised Georgia Tech, champions of the Sugar Bowl, last Saturday. The sophomore crop is good.

Georgia. Wally Butts, one of the finest coaches in the country, has fallen on some lean years. Prospects are improved but not enough. Captain Joe O'Malley, end, is worth watching if his injured ankle doesn't act up. Roy Wilkins, at end, and Harold Cook, center, are leading sophomores.

Tulane. The Greenies, including a new

coaching staff, are too green to make a title bid. They may surprise by winning one or two; the spirit is there. End Eddie Bravo and Guard Tony Sardisco are the best of the returnees. Sophomores to see are Tackle Don Boudreaux and Halfback Tom Warner.

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas. Although beaten 21 to 0 by Notre Dame last Saturday, Texas is still my pick to win the conference title. There are two complete teams of veterans available. Most heralded are Tackles Buck Lunsford and Herbert Gray, Halfback Delano Womack, Fullback Billy Quinn, Guard Kirby Miller, Quarterback Charles Brewer, End Menan Schreuer—and I could go on from there. There's only one thing: the favorite seldom wins in the S.W.C.

Rice. Gone from Rice are the Herculean linemen of last season practically to a man. The returning backs, however, would make your mouth water. Dicky Meehle was sensational last year. Other fine runners are Halfbacks Mac Taylor and Morris Stone. Guard Kenny Paul and End Marshall Crawford are the best of the returning linemen. The Owls came from behind in their opener to trounce Florida.

Baylor. Baylor proved in its opener against Houston that the fine first team of last year has been supplemented by many competent sophomores, and Saturday they helped pile up a 25-19 decision over Vanderbilt. In the Houston game Bobby Jones, an unheralded soph, threw three TD passes, ran for two and passed to set up two more. L. G. Dupre is also a dangerous running back. Coach George Sauer told me: "I honestly feel that James Ray Smith—a 6-foot 3-inch 225-pounder



RICE'S RACER Dick Meehle, ball-carrying sensation of a speedy backfield.



MISSISSIPPI MENACE is Fullback Bobby McCool, a powerhouse on offense.

SOUTHERN FOOTBALL *continued*

—is the best all-around tackle in the country." With just a little luck Baylor could be undefeated.

Southern Methodist. Coach Chalmers Woodward should have a much stronger first team than last year. In Frank Eldon, Don McIlhenny and Hal O'Brien he has three backs who could spell trouble for any team. On the dark side: the Mustangs open with Georgia Tech Saturday and close with Notre Dame.

Texas Christian. Good speed, fair passing, fair manpower. Outstanding returners are Quarterback Ronald Clinkscale, Tackle Ray Hill, Fullback Henry Crowsey, Center Hugh Pitts and End John Crouch. The Horned Frogs threw a real scare into Oklahoma last week before losing 16-21.

Arkansas. Coach Bowden Wyatt lost his two conference choices of last season, Tailback Lamar McHan and End Floyd Sagesly. Outstanding men returning are Guard Bud Brooks and Tackles Jim Roth and Eddie Bradford. Summation: Green but eager, and they'll be well coached.

Texas A. & M. An old cliché best describes A. & M.: "This is a rebuilding year." About the only well-fortified position at this early date is fullback, with both Don Kacholik and Bob Easley on hand. Leading sophomore candidates are Halfbacks Don Watson and Bob Keith.

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Maryland. The Terps had a week off after defeating an offensive-minded Kentucky, 20-0. Their opener might have been disappointing to some, but not to me. Offensively, they sputtered at times, but defensively they played heads-up ball. Charley Boxold, the split T quarterback, and Ronnie Waller, a speedy halfback, ran well. Frank Tamburello, a sophomore signal caller, was superb on pass defense. Maryland's All-American candidates, John Irvine at center and Dick Bielski at fullback, showed up well, despite the fact that Dick was handicapped by an ankle injury. The game with U.C.L.A. Friday night at the Los Angeles Coliseum will go a long way toward establishing their real stature. If the Terps win it, they'll go undefeated.

Duke. The Blue Devils showed their expected strength by crushing Pennsylvania in their opener 52 to 0. They are odds-on favorites to win the co-championship of the A.C.C. along with Maryland, whom they don't meet. The

one-two punch of Jerry Barger and Worth Lutz both playing in the same backfield should make for an interesting offense. Barger and Lutz have been alternating at quarterback for three years; Lutz is now expected to play at fullback. Nineteen lettermen give soundness, and sophomores like Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen and Halfbacks Buddy Baas and Bunny Blaney add lustre.

South Carolina. The Gamecocks, victorious over Army 34 to 20 last Saturday, must be classed as the third-best team in the A.C.C. South Caro-

lina should have a strong running attack and an adequate defense. Passing may be below par because of the loss of Johnny Gramling. Center Leon Cunningham and Guard Frank Mincevich, both all-conference, are bidding for national recognition.

Wake Forest. The Demon Deacons were expected to make a comeback after many costly injuries last season, but Virginia Tech beat them 32-6. Nevertheless Wake Forest has an excellent line led by Tackle Bob Bartholomew and Guard Gerald Huth, who will be

For Herman Hickman's chances on this week's games, see page 59.

North Carolina. George Barelay, starting his second year as the Tarheels'



BRAWNY GUARD Frank Mincevich of South Carolina is a hot pro prospect.

working in front of a fair backfield. **North Carolina State.** Earle Edwards, fresh off Biggie Munn's coaching staff at Michigan State, has quite a lot of work to do before State becomes a contender, but all signs show that he's getting the job done. The team will be better than last year's, which lost 9 of 10, but the Wolfpack needs help at center, end and in the backfield.

Virginia. I can't see much improvement for Virginia this year. They did beat Lehigh 27-21, but the going will be rough the rest of the way. The return of Herman Gatling at fullback after a year's absence may bolster the backfield. Rives Bailey at quarterback should be adequate, and a group of sophomores led by Linemen Henry Jordan, a 225-pound tackle, and Jim St. Clair, a 202-pound guard, should give more strength up front.

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

West Virginia will again be the best team in the Southern Conference, although not quite as strong as the team that lost to Georgia Tech in the Sugar Bowl last New Year's Day. Outstanding men returning are Gene Lamone, guard; Bruce Bosley, tackle; Freddy Wyant, quarterback, and Joe Marconi, fullback. **William and Mary** should finish second, even though Navy sank them 27-0 in a non-conference game last week. Quarterback Charlie Sumner is the best in the conference.

Virginia Tech. led by an excellent tackle, George Pross, showed real power in swamping Wake Forest. **Richmond** has been building for several years and last year came up with a 5-3-1 record. Biggest standout is Eric Christensen at end. **George Washington** will sorely miss Steve Korcheck, and a quarterback is needed. They can hardly be expected to be as strong as last year. **Furman** had their best season in 17 years in 1953 but were drubbed in their second 1954 game by Miami of Florida last Saturday. John Popson and Ted Yakimowicz, halfbacks, are outstanding. **Virginia Military Institute** cannot overcome the loss of Johnny Mapp. **Davidson's** sophomores may come through to make the Wildcats a definite threat. **The Citadel** Coach John McMillan just doesn't have the material for a winning season, but Jim Tyson is an excellent pass-receiving end.

THE BORDER CONFERENCE

Texas Tech has grown into one of the real powerhouses in college football. Coach DeWitt Weaver's 1954 version may be even tougher, though perhaps



TOWERING END Charles Wright, of Prairie View, stands 6 feet 4, weighs 210.



FLASHY FULLBACK Joe Marconi spearheads West Virginia's bid for S. C. title.

not as explosive as last year's highest scoring team in the nation (428 points). I wouldn't want a better tackle than 227-pound Jerry Walker. Quarterbacks Jack Kirkpatrick and Jerry Johnson direct one of the most lethal attacks in the country.

Arizona is the best bet to finish second. Paul Hatcher, after three years of Navy honors, is an outstanding lineman in his first year on the squad. **Texas Western** beat Mississippi Southern 37-14 last season in the Sun Bowl but may not be as strong this year. Their best backs are Bobby Coleman and Jesse Whittenton.

Hardin-Simmons will be hurt by the loss of six regulars. **Arizona State** at Tempe could be a "dark horse." Jay Smith and Jim Bilton are fine running backs. **West Texas State** and **New Mexico A. & M.** hope for improvement but will not be contenders.

THE INDEPENDENTS

Mississippi Southern. Red Drew, the Alabama coach, said the 1953 upset win by Mississippi Southern would never happen again, but it did—the Southerners took them, 7-2, in their '54 opener. Winning 20 out of their last 22 starts, they have the best record of any independent in the deep South. Stars are legion. Leo Herrmann at guard, Don Owens at tackle, Halfbacks Jackie Howard and Brick Mason, Quarterback Jim Davenport, and Hub Waters at end are some of the best. **Miami of Florida.** Andy Gustafson,

my old coaching compatriot at West Point, told me: "We expect our team to be better than last year's in every department. We'll have our best attack since 1950." Evaluation: Virtually all of last year's team is back. It is a tough sophomore and junior team, and started to go places last week with a 51-13 win over Furman. Frank McDonald at end, Gordon Malloy at halfback and John Krotec, guard, are outstanding.

Florida State. Although the Seminoles lost their first two games, 0-14 and 0-13, both were closer than the scores indicated. Twenty-two lettermen are making F.S.C.'s bid for "big-time" football a strong one. Tackles Al Makowiecki and Bob Barber are rugged, and so are Ends Jimmy Lee Taylor and Tom Fearnster.

Prairie View. The Panthers seem destined once again to go undefeated in the Southwestern Conference, and may claim national honors for Negro colleges. Led by returning stars Charles Wright at end, Elijah Childress, a 250-pound tackle, and Quarterback Charlie Brackins, Prairie View should have little trouble handling anything that sticks its head up in its path.

Florida A. & M., playing in the Southern Intercollegiate Conference, is the only team which could challenge Prairie View for national ranking. The Rattlers have most of their lettermen returning and a good crop of new material. Their game with Prairie View on October 23 will be a real contest.

WHERE'S CHARLEY?

A black and white portrait of a young man with short, dark hair, smiling slightly. He is wearing a dark military uniform jacket over a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. The background is out of focus, showing some indistinct shapes.

And here comes Charley Drossen again.

In 36 seasons as a manager, Bucky Harris has directed, in order, the Senators, Tigers, Red Sox, Senators, Phillies, Buffalo, the Yankees, San Diego and the Senators. His team never has finished last. When he had the poorest players in the league, he induced them to coalesce somebody else.

Baseball writers admire many qualities in Harris, above all his candor. Some had a sample of this as early as 1925. His Washington club, having won the World Championship of 1924 in Harris' first season as manager, had lost the next World Series to the Pirates. Anticipating a stock answer, newspapermen asked a stock question: "Well, Bucky, do you want to say the best team won?"

"I do not," Harris snapped. "Pittsburgh was not the best team. We weren't the best team when we beat the Giants last year. The best team lost both years."

Last week Clark Griffith, the Washington owner, announced Harris' resignation—at Harris' request, he said. In Boston, Harris told reporters: "Believe what you like. No manager ever resigns. I've been through it before."

After 30 years, the single adverse criticism heard from baseball men regarding Harris' work is that he manages a team from 2 to 5 p.m. He expects a ball player to be ready for the big leagues when he arrives, and he does not see himself as a schoolmaster teaching fundamentals to children in morning practice.

Dressen is a different cup of tea. If he ever read a book, or attended a play, or visited a museum, the fact was not publicly disclosed. Buschall occupies his days and nights, and neither is quiet. He is knowledgeable in baseball matters, shrewd, quick-witted and extravagantly proud of his cunning. He delights in outwitting any adversary, especially Leo Durocher, whom he served as coach when Durocher managed Brooklyn. When he does not over

a fast one he crows about it so exuberantly as to create the impression that he admires *quite* above excellence.

Dressen is a bubbling, gregarious, good-humored little guy, difficult to dislike and incapable of holding a grudge. Yet he has a gift for saying and doing graceless things on impulse. Scores of ball players resented it when, as manager of the Dodgers, he openly accused one of his pitchers of cowardice. Months later in a ghost-written magazine piece, he rited the incident as an achievement in handling men.

His wide reputation as a judge of pitchers appears to be deserved. Joe Black was among those who disagreed, claiming that Dressen had ruined him with trick stuff. Under Walter Alston and Ted Lyons, Joe did not improve.

"I made a mistake," is not an admission characteristic of Drassen. After talking himself out of Brooklyn, whose team seemed destined to go on winning indefinitely, he encountered Alfred Gwynne Vanderhilt, a Dodger fan whose horse, Native Dancer, was then carrying Eric Guerin to one smashing victory after another.

"Think I made the right move?"
Dressen asked.

"If you did," Vanderbilt said, "Guerin should take himself off Native Dancer."

Should children be stopped from playing baseball on the streets on Sunday mornings while you are trying to sleep?

Yes, said the New Jersey Supreme Court, because "the experience of mankind has shown that in addition to the ordinary rest which the workman is supposed to obtain each night, he needs occasionally a whole day of complete rest, which by common consent has been fixed by Christian peoples to be Sunday."

[illegible]



SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Cleveland Indians**, with the American League pennant already clinched, went on to beat Detroit Tigers for 111th victory of season, most ever won in year by American League ball club. Old record: 110, set in 1927 by New York Yankees.

● **Karl Spooner**, 23, left-handed rookie pitcher for pitcher-poor Brooklyn Dodgers, set major league record by striking out 15 New York Giants while winning 3-0 in big-league debut. Next time out, Spooner struck out 12 Pirates for league two-game strike-out mark, wound up with 1-0 shut-out to tie a third record for rookies.

● **Milwaukee Braves** lost final game on field to St. Louis Cardinals, but final home crowd of 39,485 spectators raised league record attendance to 2,131,388 for season.

● **George Byers Jr.** of Columbus, Ohio drove seven-liter hydroplane *Miss DeSoto* over measured mile at New Martinsville, W. Va., at world-record speed of 114.666 mph. Old mark: 113.235, set only few hours earlier by Ray Fagel, 23, son of Lou Fagel, recently retired speedboat Gold Cup champion.

● **Dorn Sale** of Hayes Fair Acres set world record for three-year-old gelding trotters with combined time of 4:12 4/5 for consecutive mile heats over half-mile track at Delaware, Ohio.

● On same Grand Circuit card, **Bettles Fleck**, owned by Armstrong Brothers of Brampton, Ont., paced mile heats in combined time of 4:11 3/5 to set world record for two-year-old filly pacers.

● **J. Frank Baxter** of Miami, Fla. hoisted 145-pound saddle using nine-pound test line during Panama International Marlin and Sallfish tournaments. Baxter's catch was 11 pounds heavier than previous record for ultralight (13-pound test or under) line.

● **Tom Park** of Long Beach, Calif., with no advance publicity and accompanied by AAU timekeeper, swam Catalina Channel in record time of 13 hours, 25 minutes, 31 seconds. Old mark for 21-mile distance: 13 hours, 47 minutes, net by Florence Chadwick two years ago.

BASEBALL

NORSE'S MOUTH—With pennants safely tucked away, **Cleveland** and **Giants** headed for World Series opener Sept. 29 at Polo Grounds. Latest line: Cleveland, favored at 17-10.

STARS—While **Mays**, Giants' center fielder, made three hits on final day to wrest National League batting title from Don Mueller, Giant teammate, and Duke Snider of Brooklyn. Willie's winning average: .345.

● **Bobby Adie**, second baseman for Indians, won American League batting championship with .341. **Ted Williams**, Red Sox left fielder, batted .347 but lacked enough official at-bats to qualify for title.

● **Top pitcher** in National League: **Johnny Antonelli** of Giants with 21 victories, seven losses. American League: **Sandy Consuegra** of Chicago White Sox, 16-3.

● **Larry Doby**, Cleveland center fielder, won American League home-run title with 32 and drove in most runs (126).

● **Ted Kluszewski**, first baseman for fifth-place Cincinnati Redlegs, blasted 49 homers and drove in 141 runs to lead National League in those departments.

EMPLOYMENT—Clark Griffith announced resignation of **Bucky Harris** as manager of sixth-place Washington Senators. His replacement: **Charley Dressen**, who managed Oakland Oaks to championship in Pacific Coast League this season, on two-year contract.

● **Casey Stengel**, who failed to win with the Yankees for the first time in six years, signed a new two-year contract calling for reported \$80,000 per year.

HORSE RACING

JUC—Howard Lyon's **Adios Harry** won race-off heat to earn first money in \$69,109 Little Brown Jug, world's richest race for pacers. Runner-up in final: Walnut Hill Farm's Phantom Lady, who equalled own world record for three-year-old pacing fillies of 2:01 1/2 in winning opening heat of first division.

SPRINTER—Mrs. Russell Firestone's **Summer Ten** covered six and one-half furlongs in crackling 1:16 to beat Bolair Stud's **Nashua** top-weighted at 124 pounds and late-season candidate for two-year-old honors—in Cowdin Stakes at Belmont.

STAYER—Jaclyn Stable's **Closed Door**, another Hartack mount, moved into lead at bottom of stretch and fought off challenge by favored Royal Vale to win by head in United Nations Turf Handicap over mile and three-sixteenths at Atlantic City.

GOLD STANDARD—Robert Sterling Clark of Upperville, Va. became England's top money-winning owner with \$108,976 so far this season when **Tip The Saddle** earned

\$1,352 for first place in Swinley Forest Handicap at Ascot Heath. Runner-up to Clark as money-winner: Queen Elizabeth, whose horses have earned \$167,612 so far.

● Two days after taking lead, Clark announced that leading earner **Never Say Die** would be retired to stud. Winner of St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, three-year-old colt had picked up \$87,211 in purses, looked like good bet for upcoming Champion Stakes and St. Leger at Newmarket.

FOOTBALL

PROFESSIONALS—In opening game of season for **Notre Dame**, Quarterback **Wally Gunther** intercepted two passes, scored two touchdowns and passed for another to lead team to 21-0 victory over Texas before 57,594 spectators at South Bend.

● Scoring five times in final quarter, **Duke** rolled over Pennsylvania 52-0 in season opener at Franklin Field.

● **Wisconsin** showed tremendous offensive strength while brushing past Marquette 52-14 in opening game witnessed by 52,819 at Madison.

● **UCLA** scored three times in first quarter, added two more in final period to beat Kansas 32-7 at Lawrence.

QUARTERBACK—**Oleahoma**, touted as possible national champion in preseason polls, needed two quick touchdowns in final period to beat unranked Texas Christian 21-16 at Norman, Okla.

USMETS—Piling up awesome 445 yards on ground, **South Carolina** handed Army its third opening-day defeat since 1890 with 34-20 upset at Michie Stadium.

● Quarterback **Jerry Rethor** sneaked across on fourth down with less than six minutes left in game to give Iowa 14-10 victory over Michigan State at Iowa City.

● **Penn State's** stout defense contained Illinois star Mickey Bates and J. C. Caroline as State upset Big Ten contenders 14-12 before opening-day crowd at Champaign.

● **Florida** rolled up 296 yards on ground, completed nine of 14 passes in beating Georgia Tech 13-12 at Atlanta.

PROF.—National Football League opened season with all 12 teams in action. Biggest surprise of day: **Philadelphia Eagles**, 28-10 over once mighty Cleveland Browns. Biggest scores: **Los Angeles Rams**, 49-0 over Baltimore Colts; **San Francisco 49ers**, 41-7 over Washington Redskins; and **Detroit Lions**, 48-29 over Chicago Bears.

TENNIS

PACIFIC—**Tony Trabert** of Cincinnati broke service in first game of final set, went on to beat **Vic Seixas** of Philadelphia 6-3, 6-8, 6-4, 6-3 for Pacific Coast singles title at Berkeley, Calif. Trabert previously teamed with Seixas to win doubles crown 6-1, 6-4 from Edith Moylan of Trenton, N.J. and Bernard Hartzen of San Angelo, Texas.

GOLF

ROBERTS—**Morty Fursten** of Lemont, Ill. won "world" division of National Celebrities

FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Verdict of the Associated Press writers' poll)

Team standings, with points figured on a 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 basis (first-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1— Notre Dame (9)	1,474
2— Oleahoma (8)	1,224
3— Iowa (3)	632
4— U.C.L.A. (3)	766
5— Wisconsin (2)	622
6— Maryland (3)	623
7— Duke (2)	637
8— Mississippi (3)	328
9— Southwestern (3)	349
10— Penn State	206

RUNNERS-UP: 11, Baylor 145; 12, Texas 145; 13, Michigan State 132; 14, Ohio State 111; 15, 16, South Carolina (1) 126

tournament with 72-hole score of 273 when Bo Wanning of Oklahoma City, even-up after 71, took bogey five in final green.

• **Patty Berg** of St. Andrews, Ill. won women's Ardmore open with 72-hole score of 289 when Jackie Pung of Honolulu, even on final tee, bogeyed last hole for 390.

BOXING

CHAMPIONS—Gerhard Necht of Germany retained European light-heavyweight championship by knocking out 15-round decision over Wim Snock of The Netherlands at Hamburg.

• **Ray Fenech** of France won back European featherweight title by knocking out Jean Sneyers of Belgium in third round of scheduled 15-round bout at Paris.

• **Reben Macias** of Mexico won North American bantamweight championship and chance to meet Robert Cohen for world title when he outpointed Nate Brooks of Cleveland in 12-round bout at Mexico City.

CHALLENGERS—Jimmy Carter, former world lightweight champion, won 16-round decision over outclassed Freddy (Babe) Herman in bout held in San Francisco Sept. 22 — date of Carter's postponed title bout with Parley DeMarco, champion.

• **Joe Giardello**, No. 1 contender for Boho Olson's middleweight crown, won unanimous decision in 10-round bout with tough Tiger Jones at Philadelphia.

GMESS

BOYET SWEEP—Russian chess masters defeated Czechoslovakia 2½-1½ in 16th round to clinch Hamilton-Russell trophy, major award in International Chess Olympics at Amsterdam. Top three at tournament's end: Russia, 34-16; Yugoslavia, 23½-14½; Argentina, 24½-15½.

MILEPOSTS

RETIRED—George Mikan, 30, basketball's Player of the Half Century and key man for Minneapolis Lakers in six championships during seven years of NBA competition; to devote full time to law practice. Mikan, 6-foot-10 center, was named All-America at De Paul College in 1945-46, averaged 23.05 points per game during peak years as pro, once scored 61 in game against Rochester Royals. NBA career total: 10,963 points.

RETIRED—Jim Peters, 35, holder of world record (2:17.39) for marathon distance but victim of historic heartbreak in marathon at Vancouver Games (SI, Aug. 18).

RETIRED—Marion Matley, 34, ranked as one of finest fullbacks in football history during eight-year career on professional Cleveland Browns; when chronic knee injury again failed to respond to treatment.

DIED—Ken Buck, 22, All-America end for College of the Pacific last season and first draft choice of New York Football Giants; of cancer at Paso Robles, Calif.

BORN—To Larry Doby, centerfielder for Cleveland Indians and home-run king of American League, and Mrs. Doby, a seven-pound, 12-ounce girl.

BASEBALL (Major League: Week ending September 26)
FINAL STANDINGS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. CLEVELAND	Chicago	Detroit	44-15-1
W 3-1	7-4, 7-9	7-8	
Runs: 111-43	2-1		
Pct: .721			
2. N.Y.	Washington	Philadelphia	
W 2-1	3-1	1-1, 1-2	
Runs: 100-51	3-0	4-8	
Pct: .609			
3. CHICAGO	Cleveland	Baltimore	
W 7-1	4-7, 6-7	1-2, 31-0	
Runs: 49-45	1-3		
Pct: .610			
4. BOSTON	Philadelphia	Washington	
W 5-1, 1-1	3-2, 4-3	1-1, 4-1	
Runs: 58-45	4-3	7-4, 11-3	
Pct: .610			
5. DET.	Baltimore	Cleveland	
W 4-1	4-3, 3-4	6-4, 1-1	
Runs: 41-36	4-1	6-7	
Pct: .612			
6. WASH.	New York	Pittsburgh	
W 9-4	3-2, 1-3	1-0, 6-4	
Runs: 58-46	0-3	4-7, 5-11	
Pct: .629			
7. BAL.	Detroit	Chicago	
W 2-1	3-4, 4-2	3-1, 5-11	
Runs: 54-100	1-4		
Pct: .521			
8. PHILA.	Boston	New York	
W 2-1	2-5, 3-4	1-1, 7-10	
Runs: 41-103	3-4	6-6	
Pct: .531			

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. N.Y.	Brooklyn	Philadelphia	
W 4-1, 3	3-1, 3-2	1-6, 3-4	
Runs: 50-57	0-2	1-2, 3-2	
Pct: .632			
2. ATLANTA	New York	Pittsburgh	
W 4-1, 3	1-7	6-3, 16-3	
Runs: 50-62	3-0	1-0	
Pct: .587			
3. MILW.	Cincinnati	St. Louis	
W 4-1, 3	6-3, 1-2	4-2, 3-0	
Runs: 55-65	0-1, 4-3	2-2	
Pct: .578			
4. PHILA.	Pittsburgh	New York	
W 5-1, 2	1-7	1-1, 4-8	
Runs: 55-75	7-4, 4-2	3-1, 2-3	
Pct: .467			
5. CHC.	Milwaukee	Chicago	
W 2-1	2-1, 2-1	2-2, 2-5	
Runs: 54-60	3-5, 3-4		
Pct: .481			
6. ST. L.	Chicago	Milwaukee	
W 3-1, 4	2-2, 3-4	2-4, 0-3	
Runs: 52-72	2-3, 6-9	3-0	
Pct: .463			
7. CHC.	St. Louis	Cincinnati	
W 4-1, 2	2-7, 4-3	5-1, 2-2	
Runs: 54-60	3-4, 1-6		
Pct: .416			
8. PIT.	Philadelphia	Brooklyn	
W 9-1, 7	1-2, 2-8	3-4, 1-10	
Runs: 52-70	4-7, 1-4	0-1	
Pct: .356			

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

WERN THOMAS, Spartan, N.C., 250-m. Grand Nat'l, with 75.18-mph avg. speed Langhams, Pa.

BASEBALL

FOOT DED (Army) over Haskell Naval Air Station, 5-3, 10-inning championship, College Springs, Colo.
WAGONER over Baiter Crash, 5-7, American Russell Cup championship, Watertown, S. Ga.

BOXING

JACQUES BOYER CRICE, 5-round TKO over Bruce Matson, middleweight, Lyon, France.
TORT OF MARCO 5-round TKO over Chris Christensen, welterweight, Berlin.
LEITCH KAWLINSON, 2-round TKO over Frankie Ferguson, welterweight, New York.
HICKOR CRICKANCE, 10-round split decision over Claude Vachon, welterweight, New York.
CARLOS CRUZ, 10-round decision over Bobby Woods, lightweight, New Orleans.

DOGS

DR. RABACCKTON (owned by Mrs. Margaret S. Tyson, Charlottesville, Va.) beat in show on Ridge Kennel Club, Dorset, Conn.

FOOTBALL

(Leading college games)

EAST	Green 51	13—Miami D
Amherst 32—Colby 12	Brooklyn 27—Wm. & Mary 0	Princeton 10—Yale 0
Brown 18—Columbia 7	Colgate 10—Cornell 14	Dartmouth 27—Yale 0
Colgate 10—Cornell 14	Dartmouth 27—Yale 0	Yale 27—Columbia 0
Harvard 26—Yale 0		
SOUTH & SOUTHWEST	Midwest	West
Ark-La-Tex 13—LSU 0	Miss 28—Kentucky 8	N. Cal 20—N. Cal SL 6
Baylor 13—Texas 0	N. Cal 20—N. Cal SL 6	Old ABE 18—Texas A&M 6
Georgia 14—Clemson 7	Indiana 19—Miss 51	Utah 35—W. Texas 7
Memphis 13—Tulane 12		
WEST	Midwest	West
Bozeman 13—Idaho 7	N. Cal 27—Idaho 14	Old ABE 18—Texas A&M 6
San Jose 12—Sycamore 13	Portland 31—Watson 0	
Miss 19—Nebraska 1		
FAA WEST	Midwest	West
Cal 46—San Jose 32	S. Cal 27—Pitt 7	Stanford 13—Oregon 13
Michigan 24—Wash 10	Wash 35—Cal Pac 6	

(Professional)

National Football League	Canadian League
Detroit 41—Chi. Bears 23	Hamilton 18—Ottawa 12
N.Y. 41—Chi. Colts 30	Pitt 21—Green Bay 10
Los Angeles 41—Buff. 0	San Fran 42—Wash. 7
Chicago 14—Wich 0	

GOLF

JOE TAYLOR, Charleston, N. Va., over Sam Snead, 1 up, West Virginia PGA, Stateville, N. Va.
GEORGE BAXTER, Greenville, N.C., finished open, with 218 strokes.
DR. FRANK TAYLOR, Phoenix, Ariz., over Walt Gilgus, 2 and 2, California State Amateur, Pebble Beach, Calif.

HARNESS RACING

WILMINGTON'S STAR \$25,000 Good Time Invitation Race (by disqualification at Aden Regs), Wilmington, Del. 1:56.4 (after driver)

JAMIE \$15,000 Rochester Trot, 1 m., by w. w. w. in 2:05.1, Racine, Wis.
SWIFT TALK \$10,180 Breeders' Cup Stakes, 3-year-old broodmares in 2-3 heats, Delaware, Ohio. Billy Current, driver.
STENOGRAPHER \$10,035 Breeders' Cup Stakes, 3-year-old broodmares in 2-2 heats, Delaware, Ohio. Del. Miler, driver.

HORSE RACING

VANAGE \$57,600 Charles W. Hildreth Memorial Handicap, 1¼ m., by 2 lengths, in 1:49.1, Hawthorne, Pa. Glenn, 10, Johnny McWhorter up.
BACARDI \$25,600 N.Y. Handicap, 1¼ m., by 5 lengths in 1:46.1, Belmont Park, N.Y. Ted Atkinson up.
HARTY \$25,150 Indiana Handicap, 1 m., by 7 lengths, in 1:35.1, Grandview Park, N.Y. Stanley Szabo up.
PET MULE \$25,050 Fall Highbush Handicap, 6 f., by 1½ lengths, in 1:11.1, Aqueduct, N.Y. William McEntee up.
BACARDI \$24,500 Pennsylvania Handicap, 6 f., by a neck, in 1:10.1, Aqueduct, N.Y. Billie Landon up.

IRISH FOOTBALL

MEATH over Kerry, 16-10, All-Ireland A championship, Dublin.

MOTOR RACING

DALE V. Hooted by Lee Schwartz, Detroit, Gold Cup, with 55.75-mph avg. speed, New Hanover, N.C.
GUY HAMILTON, New Bern, N.C., Sprint Trophy Class B stock, hydroplane, with 55.825-mph avg. speed, Chesapeake, Va.
PAUL GUNTER, Bedford, Ind., Ward End Trophy, Class C hydroplane, Penn., Wash.

POLO

BRANDWINE, over Dallas, 11-7, Nat'l. 12-goal tournament, first round, Westbury, N.Y.

SALES

MRS. J. Donaldson Trophy (single regatta, with 219 pts., New London, Conn.)
MERRY MAJOR, over W. Irving Post, Philip J. Remick Trophy, with 6 pts., Oyster Bay, N.Y.
WAGNET, over W. Peter Buck, Elmer Root Jr. Trophy, in 25:57.17 corrected time, Oyster Bay, N.Y.

SOFTBALL

CLEARWATER, Fla., over Detroit, 4-0, world championship, Minneapolis.

STEEPLECHASE

SHIFFSAD \$11,100 Road Hound Steeplechase Handicap, about 2 m., by 2 lengths, in 3:44, Aqueduct, N.Y. Albert Ford up.

TENNIS

BOBBY PATTY, U.S., over Tony West, 6-4, 6-2, 7-5, Prince Cup, Virginia Post.
MRS. VIRGINIA WILSON KOVACS, Oakland, Calif., over Ann Shalock, 5-7, 6-1, Pacific Coast women's singles, Berkeley, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD

ROGER BARNHART, England, Silver Point Trophy, for outdistancing British champion, London.
PETER LARSEN, New York, New A.A.U. 1500-meter walk, in 15:55.1, New York.

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

October 1 through 7

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1

Auto Racing

Continental Divide Rally, sports cars, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Baseball

● World Series, Cleveland Indians vs. N.Y. Giants.
● Cleveland, 1 p.m. (NBC-TV, Mutual radio).

Boxing

● Coley Wallace vs. Bob Baker, heavyweights, Central Armory, Cleveland (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Football

U.C.L.A. vs. Maryland, Los Angeles (NY)
Baylor vs. Miami, Miami (NY)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. Grand Natl., West Palm Beach, Fla.

Baseball

● World Series, Cleveland Indians vs. N.Y. Giants.
● Cleveland, 1 p.m. (NBC-TV, Mutual radio)

Boxing

Henry (Pappo) Gault vs. Willie Towel, bantamweights, Johannesburg, South Africa (10 rds.).

Football

(Leading college games)

EAST

Columbia vs. Princeton, New York
Dartmouth vs. Navy, Haver, N.H.
Fordham vs. Rutgers, New Brunswick, N.J.
Harvard vs. Massachusetts, Cambridge, Mass.
Holy Cross vs. Colgate, Worcester, Mass.
Pennsylvania vs. William and Mary, Philadelphia.
Penn State vs. Syracuse, Syracuse, N.Y.
Pittsburgh vs. Minnesota, Pittsburgh.
Villanova vs. Mississippi, Philadelphia (NY)
Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Alabama vs. Vanderbilt, Mobile, Ala. (NY)
Arkansas vs. T.C.U., Fort Worth, Tex. (NY)
Duke vs. Tennessee, Durham, N.C.
Georgia vs. Texas A. & M., Athens, Ga.
Georgia Tech vs. S.M.U., Dallas, Tex. (NY)
Kentucky vs. L.S.U., Lexington, Ky. (NY)
Rice vs. Cornell, Houston, Tex. (NY)
Texas vs. Washington State, Austin, Tex.
Texas Tech vs. Oklahoma A. & M., Lubbock, Tex. (NY)

WEST

Indiana vs. College of Pacific, Bloomington, Ind.
Michigan vs. Army, Ann Arbor, Mich.
● Michigan State vs. Wisconsin, East Lansing, Mich., 1:45 p.m. (ABC)
Missouri vs. Kansas State, Manhattan, Kan.
Nebraska vs. Iowa State, Lincoln, Neb.
Northwestern vs. S. California, Evanston, Ill.
● Notre Dame vs. Purdue, South Bend, Ind., 2:35 p.m. (Mutual)
Ohio State vs. California, Columbus, Ohio.
PAC WEST

● Stanford vs. Illinois, Palo Alto, Calif., 4:45 p.m. (ABC)
Oregon State vs. Washington, Portland, Ore. (Pulitzerbids)

Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Washington Redskins, Pittsburgh.
Baltimore Colts vs. N.Y. Giants, Baltimore.
Hamilton Tiger-Cats vs. Ottawa Rough Riders, Hamilton, Ont.

● Toronto Argonauts vs. Montreal Alouettes, Toronto (NBC—following World Series)
Calgary Stampeders vs. Edmonton Eskimos, Calgary.
Regina Rough Riders vs. Vancouver Lions, Regina.

Hockey

Detroit Red Wings vs. N.H.L. All-Stars, Detroit.

Horse Racing

● Woodward Stakes, \$50,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4 p.m. (CBS).
Olympic Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J.
Illinois Owners' Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hawthorne Pk., Cicero, Ill.

Motorboating

Intl. Cup Regatta, Elizabeth City, N.C.

Tennis

U.S. vs. Mexico, American Zone Davis Cup Final, Mexico City.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3

Football

● Chicago Cardinals vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Chicago, 1 p.m. (ABC—local blackout)
Green Bay Packers vs. Chicago Bears, Green Bay, Wis.
Los Angeles Rams vs. San Francisco 49ers, Los Angeles

Horse Racing

Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, 2,400 meters, Longchamp, Paris.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 4

Billiards

World 3-cushion championships, Buenos Aires

Boxing

● Moses Ward vs. Billy Nigro, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (DuMont)
● Luis Perez vs. Bobby Woods, lightweights, Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Football

Edmonton Eskimos vs. Calgary Stampeders, Edmonton
Winnipeg Blue Bombers vs. Vancouver Lions, Winnipeg.

Horse Racing

Maskette Handicap, \$20,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5

Fishing

Annual Tarpon Rodeo, Port Arkansas, Tex.

Steeplechase

Brook Steeplechase Handicap, \$15,000, about 2 1/2 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6

Boxing

● Charley Norpus vs. Charley Powell, heavyweights, ● Civic Aud., San Francisco (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Horse Racing

Abasco Island Handicap, \$20,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-olds, Atlantic City, N.J.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7

Golf

Women's P.G.A. Texas Open, Fort Worth, Tex.

Harness Racing

Kentucky Futurity Trot, \$20,000, Lexington, Ky.

Hockey

Detroit Red Wings vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Detroit.
Montreal Canadiens vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Montreal.

Horse Racing

Lawrence Realization, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

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HORSE RACING HARTACK'S WEEK

Willie conquered the United Nations and even established a beachhead at Belmont



by ALBION HUGHES

ATLANTIC CITY

UNITED NATIONS day here last Saturday turned into Willie Hartack day. The leading rider on the Jersey circuit won four races, one of them the \$67,500 United Nations Handicap on the turf. In fact, it was Hartack's week, for in his very first foray into New York he piloted two good price winners down the Widener chute opening day at Belmont.

Aboard Jaclyn Stable's American-bred Closed Door at Atlantic City, he chauvinistically wrapped up the United Nations by beating the favored English-bred Royal Vale and six other domestic and foreign contenders for turf course honors. The eight starters were the four horses which finished in that order in each of the twin contests for American- and foreign-breds which preceded the handicap by 10 days.

The winners of these two races September 15th were Brush Burn and Iceberg 2nd, last year's turf champion. Neither of these horses even got in the money in the big runoff. But the unsung hero on both days was Mrs. J.R.H. Thouron's six-year-old Royal Vale, which has earned \$265,690 in his three years of racing in this country. Carrying 118 pounds, he finished second to Iceberg 2nd in the Foreign Bred stakes in a sensational stretch run. Saturday, totting 129, he did exactly the same thing and just missed again. All three of these grass races had movie finishes, with the horses looking each other in the eye as they passed the wire.

DELINQUENT JUVENILES

It must be evident by this time even to a freshman student of horseflesh that this year's crop of three-year-olds lacks the seeds of greatness. Ever since April the sophomores have been acting like juvenile delinquents suffering from basic insecurity.

Just another bit of evidence of their instability was the Jerome Handicap at Belmont Park in which the tiny, almost-black Fisherman and the codfish aristocrat, Boston's Errand King, were beaten by Mrs. Jan Burke's Martyr. Fisherman is C. V. Whitney's target-carrier for three-year-old kudos and Errand

King, from the stable of Joseph Gavegnano, is the winner of the American Derby at Chicago. Martyr, which beat them both, is a second-rater, but one with an acute trainer, G. C. Windfrey has had the bay gelding working at Jamaica in the early morning carrying as much as 150 pounds. Carrying only 110 in the Jerome, he beat the alleged stars by seven lengths.

It is still possible that the three-year-old title will be decided by the forthcoming stakes at Belmont, which include the new Woodward at a mile, the Lawrence Realization at a mile and five eighths and the Jockey Club Gold Cup which has, for the last seven years, been won by a three-year-old. High Gun, winner of the Belmont Stakes, is entered in the first two and will probably be named for the Gold Cup.

THE JOCKEY CLUB PLAN

According to most sports columnists The Jockey Club can do no right. Excoriated for years for ignoring the two dollar better, these same gentlemen are now getting hell because they at last have recognized his existence.

The Jockey's Club's proposed plan (SI, Sept. 25) to consolidate the New York tracks on a nonprofit basis and make Belmont the main tent has been met with a "to the barricades" response from most of the press—not because turf writers love Jamaica or Aqueduct more, but because they love The Jockey Club less. However, if the plan or something very like it doesn't go through, New York racing as we have known it will pass from the scene.

My only quibble with the Club plan is the idea of just one track. Horsemen are migratory folk who won't like holding still for 170-odd days in one place. So it is my belief that Aqueduct must be salvaged. The "next town" always looks greener to horsemen, horse players and probably even the horses. Too, I am just enough of a die-hard not to want to see the main track cut down, or even the Widener chute removed. It is true that Belmont is the only mile-and-a-half track in the country. But does everything have to conform?

SPORTING LOOK

HIGH POCKETS

IN COLORADO's Estes Park, cowhands and dudes wear essentially the same getups: high boots, high pockets, Stetson hats. There is a difference. A dude will blow a week's pay on a fancy-Dan rose-embroidered shirt, but a cowboy spends his poke on his boots. Miller's Stockmen's Store in Denver can make a McCoy out of a dude for under \$30; a shadow rider (one who admires his shadow all day) of anyone with money to burn.



Barbara Stafford is a Texan to her boots (\$45.50 to order), works at Sprague's Lodge above Denver in the summer. Here she saddles up in her favorite ranch clothes: Levis, Western shirt, hand-tooled belt with silver buckle and 3X beaver Stetson (\$20).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL IWASAKI

Maybe a 10-gallon hat holds less than a gallon, but most Western clothing lives up to its reputation of being the best thing to wear in horse country.



Hand-tooled belts with trophy buckles range from \$3 (above) to bejeweled Texas specials.



Cover girl, Joyce Sellers, shown here cooling boot feet, wears embroidered gabardine shirt.

New boot has lower (1½ inches) heel, makes life less precarious for both cowboy and dude.





Down a mountain road at Stead's Ranch in Estes Park trot four vacationing girls dressed in denim, the West's favorite fabric. Traditional dark blue pants (left) are teamed with newly popular caballero shirt. The lighter blues are also lighter in weight.

Both the pink skirt, for after-the-ride relaxing, and the striped pony pants (right) are favorites at Estes. Most Western garments have snags of nicke-plumed pearl instead of buttons, pointed yokes on shirts and jackets.



Horse Breeder Art Card (second from right) talks horses with three fanciers. His "Rancher" suit is custom-made by Groes of Denver in gray twill, is what stockmen wear to town and church.

It has side-vented jacket, frontier-style pants, costs \$37. Visitors wear such dress-up clothing as (ringed suede jackets, embroidered gabardine shirt, such practical gear as denim pants and jacket.



NEW STUDENT is looked over and tested by Kounovsky for the proper program of exercise that will develop well-rounded physical fitness.

NO STRESS, NO STRAIN

An engineer turned gymnast eliminates the grunt and groan from exercises and builds balanced bodies instead of bulging biceps

NICHOLAS KOUNOVSKY calls himself a "body architect." A mechanical engineer turned gymnast, he applies the principles of engineering to the body—especially to those of many top New York models. This may look like nice work to those who haven't got it, but to Kounovsky, keeping the models, housewives and businessmen who attend his gymnasium relaxed and physically fit is a serious business. His system is based on a correlation of anatomy, physiology and mechanics developed over the past 25 years in consultation with doctors and scientists. He believes that the body is built to be used efficiently and that, like a machine, it functions best only when every part of it is in balance. Physical fitness depends on six factors, says Kounovsky: strength, suppleness, speed, equilibrium, endurance and skill. Since he believes that any system that stresses one of these at the expense of the others is wrong, Kounovsky has planned his exercises to develop these qualities equally. He works his pupils on conventional mats, trapezes, rings and parallel bars. Under his expert hand, the pain and strain are eased out of keeping in shape. With exercises tailored for each client's personal needs, he helps his pupils to shape and shapeliness—like this class of fashion models whose looks are their living.



THREE-POINT BALANCE on head and both arms perfects equilibrium and improves circulation of blood throughout the

body. Such exercise is good to relax an aching back and tired feet. It also enables models to hold graceful poses before camera.



BALANCING on trapeze, a beginner holds on tightly. After a few tries, however, she feels at home. All of Kounovskiy's exercises are designed to develop over-all body coordination. The key is not how many times you are able to do them, but how well you perform each.



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STRETCHING for posture ends each lesson. Students must book one hour weekly, but many come each day for relaxing workout.



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FOLLOWING THROUGH ON '54

It was the leanest season in years for the Old Guard and the most prosperous one ever for the Australians

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THOUGH there should be plenty of good golf weather available up through Thanksgiving (barring the arrival of Hurricane Gail—if I've got my alphabet right), for all events and purposes the 1954 tournament season came to its conclusion at the Allegheny Country Club a week or so ago when, in the battle of the California blondes, Barbara Romack defeated Mickey Wright 4 and 2 and became the new Women's Amateur champion. It was a prodigious season in many ways, when you look back on it. More people attended the Open championship than ever before, over 36,000. George S. May outplayed himself by putting up the largest prize money in sports history since the race for the golden apple itself—\$50,000 right on the line to the winner of his Tam O'Shanter World Championship, Bob Toski, and another \$100,000 to be easily digested by Toski at the rate of \$1,000 per each May-guaranteed exhibition. With Toski's victory and Peter Thomson's in the British Open—they are 27 and 25 respectively—youth, which should have served itself long ago, finally broke the domination which the Old Guard had maintained in the major events since well before the war.

AUSTRALIA COMES OF AGE

It was the season, too, in which Australia, long synonymous with tennis, came of age as a golf power, what with Thomson winning the British Open, Doug Bachli the British Amateur, and the team of Thomson and Kelvin Nagle taking the Canada Cup, that potentially classic new international competition to which 25 countries sent teams this summer. For a person of his years, Thomson is enormously wise about the proportions with which the business of golf should be mixed with the pleasures of golfing and living. Not that this illustrates those qualities exactly, but at noon on the final day of

the British Open, between his third and fourth rounds, Peter, tied for the lead, dashed from the course at Birkdale back to his hotel to pick up some fresh clothes to wear at the presentation ceremonies. "Well, I really thought I could win," he explained afterwards, "and wanted my best coat just in case." Peter also made sure his wife and their two-month-old daughter were present when he sank the winning putt. He thought it would be a nice thing for the little girl to be able to look back and say that she had seen the old man in his moment of triumph.

Ben Hogan did not defend in the British Open. The chances are that Ben would have made the trip across only if he had been playing at the top of his game, and at no time did he strike the form which was his consistently in 1953 when he captured the Masters, our Open, and the British—bang, bang, bang. Ben made his best showing in the Masters when he finished in a tie with his ancient rival, Sam Snead, and then lost by a stroke in the play-off to the man in the coconut-straw hat. Only Ben's exemplary courtesanship cap-

ried him this far. As he was the first to admit, he was struggling this year. Off the tees he frequently lost valuable distance when his controlled fade began to drift; he was bothered by a hook occasionally (which he hasn't been for years); and now and then he missed some of those brutal four-footers which he holes better than any other golfer under pressure. "I played an 80 today but I scored a 73," he lamented heavily after his second round in the Masters.

The Open, similarly, was hard work for Ben. He finished a creditable sixth, five shots behind Ed Furgol who had felt so good right from the beginning of the tournament that, after his opening round, he had circulated around the locker-room bar at Baltusrol passing the salted peanuts to friends and strangers alike. Baltusrol, incidentally, probably yielded fewer birdies than any course over which the Open has been held in recent years. Furgol's formula was simply to make sure of a steady stream of pars, and he did by hitting the greens more regularly than any other man in the field.

continued on page 76



DRAMATIC PLAY-OFF at the Masters saw two of the greatest modern golfers, Ben

Hogan (left) and Sam Snead fighting it out. It was Snead's day, by a stroke.

A BOY'S FIRST SERIES

The author of *Studs Lonigan*—as loyal a fan as the White Sox have ever had—recalls the first World Series game he ever saw. It was a 12-hour adventure

by JAMES T. FARRELL



I SAW my first World Series game in 1917, when my team, the White Sox, played the New York Giants, managed by Muggsy McGraw. My Uncle Tom, who was on the road selling, sent me a money order for five dollars so that my older brother Earl and I could see a couple of the games. The opening game was on Saturday, October 6th. I had read newspaper stories of how lines of fans waited all night to buy bleacher seats. I was thirteen that year, and I wanted to wait in line all night, too. But Earl and I slept at my grandmother's the night before, and we got up at about four in the morning.

It was dark outside. There had been some rain the night before and I was worried about the weather. We were very quiet in the kitchen, which was off my grandmother's bedroom in the flat on South Park Avenue where we lived. She had made sandwiches for us to take along to the game, but we got our own breakfast. Coffee and sweet rolls never tasted better than they did on that October morning of 1917.

And there, against the radiator, was my shaggy Alredale, Gerry. I loved her. My uncle had found her on a street in Boston and had shipped her home to us. With her black, wet tip of a nose looking so pathetic, she stared at us in a mute plea for food. We gave her breakfast. We tried to get her to drink coffee, but she wouldn't touch it.

Finally, well before five o'clock, we were off in the chilly predawn, leaving by the back door, going down the back stairs and along the alley to 58th Street. We took the elevated train to 35th Street, and the 35th Street trolley to Wentworth Avenue. We found the lines of men waiting before the bleacher ticket office. It was still dark when we took our places. There were about 300 men ahead of us in one of the waiting lines. I had been afraid there might be thousands waiting when I got there.

The weather was raw, and here and there men had built fires. Vendors were out with hot coffee and we drank a lot of it. About every hour, we ate. I felt important and I was very happy. The only care I had on my mind was impatience.

There was much baseball talk in the line. I spoke up with the authority of an old-time fan. Earl and I talked of the many games we'd seen together—of

Babe Ruth and Smokey Joe Wood pitching, Tris Speaker, Ed Walsh's no-hit game in 1911, Rabbit Maranville and his singular way of suddenly jerking out his hands at the level of his belt line to catch pop-ups.

The dawn came, gray and still chilly. My excitement grew. This long wait was an adventure. These strange men standing in line, sitting on boxes, squatting by a fire, playing cards, chatting intermittently about baseball, showing the same concern as I did about the weather, shivering a bit as I did now and then—they and I were bound together by a common passion.

AFTER THE LONG VIGIL, THE GATES OPEN

The hours passed. Behind us, the line grew rapidly until it stretched out of sight, and I was told that it was over two blocks long. A cold sun was coming up. Twice men approached us and offered us money for our places. The men about us told us to let them in and for us to stay in line. We made about a dollar that way, but the third time we were asked the men behind us said that was enough.

At ten o'clock, the line began to move. The gates were open. We got inside and took seats high up in the right center field bleachers. Fans poured in after us and the gates were quickly closed. The big bleachers at Comiskey Park were jammed.

I controlled my impatience as best I could, waiting through the morning, looking out at the large, empty playing field and at the empty grandstand and box seats.

Finally, after the long wait, there was a cheer. The White Sox were coming out. Far away in their dugout, a few players could now be seen. Soon they appeared on the field to warm up and start taking their batting practice.

The White Sox wore new red-white-and-blue uniforms instead of their regular-season, all-white uniforms. The latter were white with a black S on the left side of the shirt. The stockings were pure white. The new World Series uniforms, occasioned by the war, were trimmed with red and blue. The S on the shirt was red and blue against a white background and the white stockings were banded with blue and red stripes. I hoped these new uniforms would be worn in the 1918 season. They weren't.

The air of tension and excitement slowly grew through the periods of fielding and batting practice. The



JOHN COLLINS, who had three hits, takes third on Eddie Collins' infield out.



1917 WHITE SOX beat John McGraw's Giants in six-game Series. Immortal Eddie Collins (top row, 2nd from left) hit .409 in Series. On Collins' left is Pitcher Cicotte, who gave up seven hits

in opening game. Manager Clarence Rowland is in middle row, center; to his right is Happy Felsch, who hit first home run of Series; bottom row, 2nd from left, is Shoreless Joe Jackson.

grandstand and box seats began to fill up. There were sporadic cheers for players, as one or another hit a long ball in batting practice.

Two of the Giant players in whom Earl and I were most interested were Benny Kauff, the center fielder, and Heinie Zimmerman, the third baseman. Heinie Zimmerman, several years earlier, had been one of Earl's favorites. He had then played on the Cubs and in 1912 he had led the National League in hitting, with an average of .372. During the 1913 and 1914 seasons Zimmerman had received much publicity because of his run-ins with umpires. He had been put out of some games and had almost got into a serious fight with Rabbit Maranville and one or two other players of the Boston Braves. He was a natural hitter, and I feared that he would be dangerous to the White Sox.

Benny Kauff had led the Federal League in batting and had been heralded as a new Ty Cobb. When the Federal League had broken up, Kauff had been one of the most sought-after of the players. McGraw had got him for the Giants. He hadn't fulfilled the expectations, but in 1917 he had hit .308. Still, I insisted that Happy Felsch, the White Sox center fielder, was a much better player.

Finally the practice and the opening ceremonies were over, and the White Sox bolted out onto the field. I was confident. For there was Eddie Cicotte on the mound. When he was right, he was almost unbeatable. McGraw had been expected to pitch his ace, Ferdinand Schupp, but he pulled a surprise and sent in Slim Sallee.

Comiskey Park is a big field, and in 1917 the distance between the bleachers and the diamond was considerable. With my weak eyes, I couldn't see the play too well. The players looked small, and the batter was far away. I would get a false perspective on many foul balls and pop flies. But I followed each play with intense absorption. After all, I had waited years to see such a game. I could imitate the batting stances and the fielding and throwing motions of practically every White Sox player. I knew their histories. Each hit, each put-out, each time at bat was of interest to me. Who would be the hero of the World Series? Who would be the goat? Would I see any records broken? Would I see baseball history made with some spectacular feat or play which would be talked of for years to come?

The game developed into a pitching duel. Cicotte seemed to be in fine form and to have complete mastery over the

Giants, and I was confident that the Sox would win. They scored first in the third inning. With John Collins on second base, Fred McMullen, the Sox third baseman, hit a low liner to center field. Benny Kauff of the Giants came racing in and made a diving try for a shoestring catch. The ball got through him and rolled to the wall, and he became the first goat of the Series. Kauff had been heralded as the Ty Cobb of the Federal League but had not been that good with the Giants. He was rumored to be a dade and to have 26 suits of clothes.

ONE TREMENDOUS HOME RUN, ONE SENSATIONAL CATCH

And then in the fourth inning Happy Felsch caught hold of a pitch. The ball sailed out into the bleachers. It was a tremendous home run, and immediately I compared it with the homers that had made "Home Run" Baker famous. I had seen a historic hit, the first home run of the 1917 World Series.

In the fifth inning Lew McCarty, the Giants' catcher, smashed a terrific drive to right center field. I watched him limp around the bases on a game leg; earlier in the season he had broken a bone in it. He made only a triple, because he was slow, but he scored the last run of the game a moment later. And then in the seventh inning, Heinie, the Giants' first baseman, was on base. Lew McCarty smashed a low drive to left field. Joe Jackson went for it head first. He slid along the grass but speared the ball inches from the ground, somersaulted and came up with it. This was one of the most sensational catches I had ever seen. Here, I thought, was a catch that would be written of and talked about in years to come. And Joe Jackson's catch is still occasionally mentioned in the sports pages.

The White Sox were winning, 2-1, and I had seen a great play. Cicotte got better with each inning. Throughout the game, Heinie Zimmerman was booed. He was unpopular among White Sox fans and they enjoyed the boos they gave him. But he was one of Earl's favorites.

It grew chilly. The infield was in shadow. Cicotte had the Giants eating out of his hand. When Kauff reached first base on an error in the eighth inning, Cicotte picked him off the bag. He set the Giants down one-two-three in the ninth. The final score was 2-1. My hopes had been fulfilled; I left the ball park happy. The game still remains in my memory as one of the most satisfying I have ever seen.



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The PGA went to Chick Harbert, twice before an unsuccessful finalist, and the other match-play grind, the Amateur, to Arnold Palmer, a strong young shotmaker with the stamina to win the one-run ball games. Curiously, the drawing card and favorite at the Amateur—he was eliminated in the third round—was a young middle-aged man who, four and a half months earlier, had been regarded as just another moderately gifted amateur whom someone had to play very hard to beat on that someone's way to victory in the North and South at Pinehurst. All that Billy Joe Patton did this year was to become the golfer of the year. He led the Masters at the half-way mark (which no amateur ever had before), put on an incredible last-round rally (including a hole-in-one) and all but catapulted himself past Hogan and Snead, won the North and South Amateur (his only sizable title ever), led the Open on opening day (which no amateur had done since Bob Jones's day), and finished that tournament only five strokes off the pace.

BILLY JOE BURSTS IN

Billy Joe Patton has a great flair for golf and we will be hearing from him for years to come, but long after the score cards for 1964 are forgotten, we will all be talking about how he burst on the scene, brimful with conviviality and tactical audacity, and roused a game on which dead-pan precision had been clamping itself a bit too hard. I can see him now, playing the first shot I ever saw him hit. He should never have played it that way. On his second round in the Masters, playing the 8th, a par 5, he had hooked his second fairly deeply into the thick woods 150 yards from the pin. He really had no opening to the green through the several rows of trees—unless you call a rift of eighteen inches between two tree trunks, ten yards ahead, an opening—and besides his ball was lying so that he had to stand with his hands pressed sideways against the trunk of a tree. He should have played a safety laterally back to the fairway. That was the shot, not the three-iron which he gripped down the shaft and with which he somehow slashed into the ball and sent it buzzing low beneath the overhanging limbs and right through that eighteen-inch aperture; and more than that, onto the green, up there for a reasonable birdie putt. That was not the shot!

The Babe came back, let us not forget that either. In July, at the Salem C.C., she made the National Women's Open a one-woman show, winning by

the huge margin of twelve strokes and choosing what were perhaps the best four rounds she has ever put together over her long career. This, mind you, a year after undergoing the kind of operation from which most people spend their lives convalescing or at least thinking that they must. Barbara Romack's triumph in the Women's Amateur was almost as decisive as the Babe's. Only once, in her 3-and-2 victory over Virginia Donnelly, was she behind at any stage of a match. A trim five-foot-four, two-toned blonde, Barbara has worked hard and well to develop a simplified, compact swing and a tournament temperament. When she goes out for a tune-up at her home course in Sacramento, when the traffic is light, she empties her practice bag at certain spots on certain holes which



PALMER

HARBERT

present her a shot she wants in her repertoire, say, a four-iron from a sidehill lie. Taking plenty of time, she works herself up to that pitch of concentration where she consciously approaches each shot as if an entire tournament were riding on it. The purpose behind this is to accustom herself to every factor that would affect playing the shot under competitive pressure—including the inevitable edge of strain—so that when she has to make the shot "for keeps," it is the shot she has practiced.

Over the past tournament season, also, our ladies regained the Curtis Cup, the blade putter came back very strong, Frank Stranahan turned pro (making him, according to Fred Corcoran, the second wealthiest pro—second to Snead, that is). Our team of junior champions made their first tour of England and the continent a successful one; Gene Sarazen won the inaugural international Seniors; Gene Littler finished second a slade too regularly to suit his brigade of admirers and prophets; Bill Campbell, golf's eternal "most eligible bachelor," finally got married, and the U.S.G.A. removed its ban on shorts for women.

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PEN-RAISED QUAIL

Sir:

... In my opinion your article, "Pen-Raised Quail" (SI, Sept. 6) by Hart Stilwell, is a great disservice to the quail hunters of the country. ...

Missouri Quail Hunters, Inc. has pen-raised and distributed quail to its members for several years, and are satisfied with the results. This year they reared about 7,500.

Why not have Mr. Stilwell contact one of the club's officers and learn why the Missouri Conservation Commission's feeble attempt to restock quail died aborning.

GEORGE TILLES JR.

St. Louis

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Sir:

In your article, "Pen-Raised Quail" by Hart Stilwell, you only published part of the story. The Missouri Quail Hunters furnished the chicks and the Missouri Conservation Commission furnished the wild birds. The birds that the Commission used were planted on two tracts of land that the Missouri Commission picked out. Foster parents did adopt chicks about 90% of the time. This is a definite fact. Whether or not it is economically as sound as stocking good, strong, more mature birds is open to question. Our experiment was not continued long and thorough enough to find out.

Most of these chicks had their toes clipped when they were one day old. This weakened them and caused considerable loss among the chicks. This was done to identify these birds when they were taken. It undoubtedly was a great mistake. Three hundred of these chicks were released just prior to a cloudburst. This caused a lot of chicks to perish, just as wild chicks would under similar conditions. Others were taken by predators, as too many chicks were liberated at one time on the same area.

Spot hunting checks were made to see how many birds could be recovered during November. Birds had moved off the areas and were not counted, neither were the many birds taken by poachers. This work was only in the nature of an experiment and was not considered to be anything but that. The costs to the Commission were negligible. It was run very loosely both on our part and the part of the Commission. ...

We have had a state habitat program for the past six years. This has cost millions of dollars. During this time, our possession limit on quail has dropped from 15 quail to six. Our season has been cut from 32 days of quail hunting to 36 days in 1953. Our licenses from small game hunting have also shown a decline, both in number of hunters and revenue. The price of our hunting license is the only thing that is increasing in our state. So much for the results of our habitat program.

Our neighboring state of Illinois does have a game farm and a habitat program. The state releases both pheasant and quail. They have, in the same period of time, maintained their season of quail, 10 birds daily and 20 possession limit. Their revenue from licenses has gone up, and last year set a new record. None of our neigh-

boring states has shown as rapid a decline in the past five years as Missouri in the possession and daily bag limits on quail. Many of them, however, do restock.

We know that neither wild quail nor pen-raised quail will exist where there is no food or cover ... so we plant food patches on our area at Wright City. We also have a controlled shooting area.

We will donate 100 pen-raised quail to any State Commission that will turn them loose with a like number of wild birds. We are confident that our pen-raised quail will compare favorably with wild birds under the same conditions, as they are able to fly and take care of themselves as well as wild birds.

The only way anyone can speak with authority of pen-raised quail is to work with them and experiment with them. Many of Herbert L. Stoddart's ideas have long been discarded. Game management has come a long way since 1927.

W. W. MARSHALL

Pres., Missouri Quail Hunters

St. Louis

RECENT FINDINGS

Sir:

... I want to particularly commend you for the article "Pen-Raised Quail" in the issue of September 6. The calling of the public's attention to the fallacy of indiscriminate stocking of game and fish is a tremendous public service, and I am glad to see you speaking out against it.

The average hunter and fisherman has not been even slightly educated concerning the most recent findings of the wildlife biologists; he is not even well informed about the information gleaned a decade ago concerning fish and game. As a result he still demands that fish and game be released in his area. The politicians heed the demands of the voters; and often the wildlife administrators find it expedient to follow along, even though they know better.

I hope your new magazine will be a great help in educating the citizens to the realization that wildlife conservation can best be carried on by improvement of the habitats. And that it also stems back to the basic fertility of the soil.

JOE BROWN

Pres. Massachusetts Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs, Inc.

Natick, Mass.

THE RIGHT DOPE

Sir:

Dr. Hollis L. Albright of Newton, Massachusetts, father of the American Figure Skating Champion, Miss Tenley Albright, believes what he reads in SI.

Dr. Albright learned from the first issue of SI's Fisherman's Calendar that waters in the north woods of Maine were holding some big trout. Dr. Albright and his son, Nile, 15, set out to prove it for themselves. Dr. flies cast in the famed "Barrel Hole" Pool at Fourth Musquacook proved to the Albrights that SI's calendar had the right dope. They hooked and released more than 20 brookies weighing in excess of two pounds each.

And young Nile had an added experience, too. He shot a bear with his .22 rifle.

BUD LEAVITT

Bangor, Me.



TWO ALBRIGHTS AND A BEAR

● Mr. Zern is sorry he hadn't predicted the bear. Excuse it, please.—ED.

SPEARFISHERMAN'S RISE

Sir:

I feel that I must rise in answer to the statements made in your 5th issue concerning spearfishing and spearfishermen, in the column entitled "Freedom Undersea."

1. If it is so disturbing to anglers to rise early and go to their favorite waters only to find it occupied by skin divers, think of the poor diver who finds himself hooked on a nine-barbed plug, which was cast into those chilly waters after he made his dive.

2. What does Philip Wylie have against "gorgeous blondes," either above or below the water?

3. It is not true that fish will not bite on regular lines while there are skin divers under water in the area. Many times, off Jersey Island near wrecks and off the New Jersey jetties, from Asbury Park to Point Pleasant, I have caught fish (blackies, kingfish and stripers) while anglers were catching them right around me. I have often gone under to scare a few big blackies up from under some rocks for the jittery fishermen, while I watched the fight from close range underwater. I wouldn't be surprised to find that the observant spearfisherman knows more about what bait a fish will take, and how he will hit it than the angler.

4. Most spearfishermen in the area that I know think it unsporting to use a lung for the actual spearing because it gives the skin diver too much of an advantage against any fish under about 50 pounds. That applies even to a strong sting ray of that weight.

5. Mr. Wylie's only valid point is that skin divers do not spend as much money at a resort fishing area as a marlin or tuna fish-

man with a forty-foot boat, but since when should inexpensive vacationing be "regulated" away from good fishing areas? If Mr. Wylie wants to know what a make shark will do when he sees a skin diver, I suggest that he go to Montauk Point, where many skin divers have seen ten-footers (estimated from a distance) in the water with them and report a singular disinterest by the shark. In Florida, many divers have caught make and even tiger sharks and now have a weight record competition like anglers. They also spear barracuda, sting rays and moray eels and I know of no mishaps...

ALBERT S. PARSONNETT

Newark, N.J.

ROCK LUNKER?

Sirs:

I thought you might be interested in a "Lunker" that I caught on August 9, so I am attaching a picture.

In the picture, Lloyd Demmen is on the left and of the other two the one in the center is the halibut. Our other companion



EDWARDS' 42½-POUND HALIBUT

(someone has to take the picture!) was G. H. (Ed) Edwards. All of us are residents of Portland, and members of the Portland Spin Fishing Club.

Bigger halibut have been caught but I believe that this will be a new record for light tackle. The equipment that I was using is as follows: a Sils-Flex Salt Water Spinning Rod, a Mitchell Salt Water Spinning Reel and 300 yards of (I used darn near all of it too) of 10-pound-test Garcia Flyline Line. We were mooching for salmon or striped bass using fresh herring for bait.

We were fishing in about 50 feet of water on the Coot Bay Bar in Oregon. The water was getting pretty rough for our 14' Itham Boat and we were talking about going in when the fish struck. It was 30 minutes before we even knew what had us on the other end of my line. Don't ever let anyone tell you that a halibut just lays on the bottom. His first run took off over 150 yards of line and before he was finally subdued he had made at least a dozen runs of from 50 to 150 yards each. I thought the reel would blow up—I thought the rod would splinter. I felt certain that the line would break at least 100 times. The picture proves that none of those things befell me. I was a very fortunate individual.

By the time that we had our prize in the boat the waves were running from 12 to

14 feet high and all other boats had gone in to safer waters. We could only go where our adversary wanted to take us. Once we had him in the boat it was a fairly easy matter to persuade him to go in with us. However, there was a question as to whether we should throw him back or just get out and let him have the boat.

C. A. COMSTOCK

Portland, Ore.

GLORIOUS AMATEURS

Sirs:

I do not often write a magazine concerning its columnist, but John Bentley's article in SI, Sept. 6 is one of the most completely nauseating pieces of slop I've seen.

I race an MG—I suppose I am an example of the "Joe Blow" J.B. refers to in his column. My finances are considerably below his but I still am firm in my belief that the S.C.C.A. owes its glorious history to its firm stand on "Amateurism."

J.B. claims money problems are going to drive the sport out of existence. Does he overlook the fact that over 180 entrants were at Larkbourne and that close to 200 will be at Watkins Glen?

I will be at Larkbourne and Watkins Glen. Each time I race my MG it hurts—dollarwise—but because of a burning desire to race I'll continue. Those who quit because of money problems the S.C.C.A. can do without and it can do without J.B. also if he can't find the money.

Long live "Amateurism" and death to J.B.'s "socialized sports-car racing."

If J.B. hasn't got the money why doesn't he go out and try working for a living?

RONALD H. MCCONNELL

Lakewood, O.

AN EXCHANGE OF VIEWS

Sirs:

... I join Mr. J. Bentley in his efforts to encourage future champions in giving them plenty of opportunity in a way of a member's insurance for damages during racing or training. Most expensive for a driver is the reconditioning of the car after the race. In preparing for the next one. A technical commission from S.C.C.A. could easily establish the cost of repairs or only a revision of the car. The money could come from the source Mr. Bentley suggests and by all means a certain percentage from the gate. As a former driver (amateur) and still a big racing fan I would propose an exchange of views from other sportsmen on this subject....

J. M. SZYEN

San Francisco

MANIACS AND SISSIES

Sirs:

... I heartily and totally disagree with Mr. Bentley. All of us in racing know that money at the finish line makes for an entirely different set of conditions. And as such, takes auto racing completely out of the sports category. It makes maniacs out of some drivers, sissies out of others... and fools out of 99% of the rest. It has also produced a few excellent track drivers but only a few. Hundreds drive in Europe and you can count on two hands the top men over there in money driving. Eighty percent of them die on the track... How does John expect \$50 or \$100 and free tires

to pay for the racing if it costs \$5,000 a year to race?...

KARL BROCKEN

Riviera Beach, Fla.

NO PROFESSIONALISM

Sirs:

No!!

It will only lead to professionalism—the average MG and Jaguar owner can race in the production class and have a lot of fun—at low cost.

RUSS SCIELI

Hartford, Conn.

BRAVE APPROACH

Sirs:

I can wholeheartedly agree with you on the stand you took in SI and congratulate you on your brave approach to the problem. More power to you—don't give up!

ALEC ULMANN

New York

THE CHEATING SEX

Sirs:

I enjoyed your historical article on croquet in the August 30 issue and hope you will have more of this type in future issues.

As a supplemental note to this article, even the gentle sport of croquet provided opportunities for cheating, and by the fair sex at that. One gentleman complained with some disgust that a young lady acquaintance of his would cover her croquet ball with her skirt and then move the ball with her foot six or eight inches for a better shot.

BRUCE L. BENNETT

Worthington, O.

HOLLYWOOD TERMINOLOGY

Sirs:

Long a sporting fan, but just now a letter-writing one, I would like to take this chance to allow you your own "Pat on the Back" column. SI is far and above any other magazine in its field both in scope and in content. If I was a little apprehensive at first, it was perhaps because we were all looking over the newborn baby still even red and not so pretty as she promised to be.

This last issue, number five, has made a believer of me. The tense drama of the sport, the game, appeared as never before in the picture taken right after Henry Thompson's home run. This picture deserves the right to be titled "Baseball." The pictures and story on Himalayan climbing were astounding, to quote Hollywood terminology; they made me want to pack up the old duffel bag and set off. Congratulations, gentlemen, on a job well done.

W. BEN JACKSON

Lawnsideburg, Ind.

COVER GIRL

Sirs:

I have been overseas four months, and this week, a few minutes before leaving for Edinburgh, Scotland, I received a copy of your third weekly issue of SI. I remarked to myself, that girl on the cover looks like my wife. Not wanting to carry it with me, and much more anxious to read the letter I had received from my wife, it was put in a drawer. It wasn't until the following day I discovered it was her!... She had said that a magazine was being sent as a surprise and since I have always been a sport fan, I thought that was the reason. You can imagine

ine my surprise—and also embarrassment for not recognizing her immediately.

In my defense, I can say that I don't think many husbands ever expect to find their wives a "Cover Girl."...

J. R. NELSON
LTJG, SC

c/o Fleet Post Office
New York



HONEYDARNING NELSONS

HELPING HAND

Sirs:

Was I seeing things no one else saw? I have asked many people and have looked more or less carefully for mention of it in sports pages but so far I seem to be the only one who saw an assistant give, what was to my professionally trained mind, oxygen to Bobo Olson between rounds during his recent fight.

It was plainly evident, at least to me, when the television camera was trained on Olson's corner between rounds that this individual would get up from his ringside seat and wander over to a position between Olson and his second. In his left hand he carried a cylinder, from which a flexible tube or tubing went to his right hand. He would then raise his right arm between Olson and his second, and, I thought, blow oxygen in Olson's direction, over his face, and a couple of good, deep breaths would help, no fooling.

I wonder about the legality of such procedure and have never heard mention of it before or now. Would you care to comment?

CRESTON SUTCH, D.D.S.

Glenside, Pa.



OLSON WITH RESPIRATOR

• It's legal, but unusual. Two other habitual sniffers: Jake LaMotta and Joey Maxim.—ED.

new

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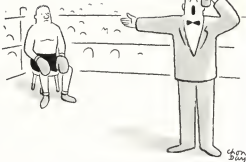
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"I'm sorry, sir, but you'll have to shoot it yourself."



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